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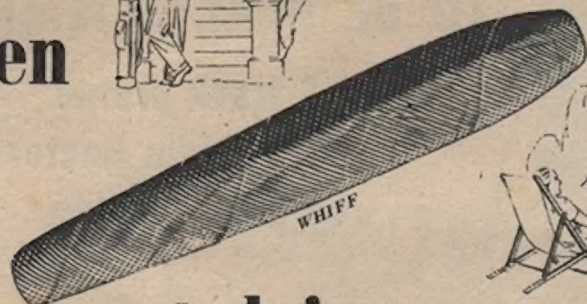
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THE BARON AT BADAJOS

"After the storming of Badajos," said the Baron, "or it may perhaps have been Ciudad Rodrigo, I forget the actual place, but you will remember, gentlemen, that it was here I fought single handed against Marshal Soult and two companies of the Imperial Guard, forcing them to retreat yard by yard until I had the misfortune to be bowled over by a cannon ball, fired point blank—it was here, I say, that I lost my personal servant who was standing with razor poised—just about to shave me when an enemy shot removed him from the scene for ever."

"What did you do then?" asked the Younger Member.

"What did I do?" demanded the Baron, "I drew my sword, made by those excellent Wilkinson Sword people, who now oddly enough make the famous Wilkinson Razor, and I shaved myself with it, damme."

"But surely," interposed the Professor, "those battles took place over a hundred and thirty years ago."

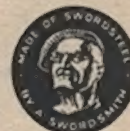
"And what if they did!" thundered the Baron. "Haven't the Wilkinson people been making swords since 1772?"

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EDITORIAL

Catering report dodges the real problems

IF YOU ARE STAYING at an hotel, it is pleasant to be able to ring a bell and get service at any hour of the day or night.

If you are employed in an hotel it is not always so pleasant to have to provide that service—especially if you are underpaid and overworked.

It was to reconcile these two points of view that the present Catering Wages Act was passed.

The need for it was obvious. The intentions behind it were splendid. Here was an industry run largely on sweated labour, with irregular and overlong hours of work, combined with lamentably low wages for the rank and file, and without any proper trade union organization.

This was not the fault of the trade unions, several of which had done their best to win effective support among catering trade workers. But these included many "amateurs," and a large proportion of people who seemed to prefer the chances of the trade to the organized security of trade unionism.

In effect, the unions failed to win enough solid support anywhere to establish themselves as negotiating bodies which could improve pay and conditions. So the scandals of fantastically long hours and fluctuating incomes from haphazard tips instead of fair, stable wages went on unchecked in the hotel and restaurant industry, especially in London.

Meanwhile, all over the country, some 60,000 boarding-house keepers and 20,000 other proprietors of unlicensed establishments were carrying on in their traditional way, with inadequate, overworked staffs; a short busy season and a long "dead" one.

Then, on the initiative but not under the detailed guidance of Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Catering Wages Act was drawn up.

It enforced an elaborate wages code, including double and even triple pay for certain classes of overtime work.

THIS was, in effect, a charter of living wages and reasonable hours copied from those of other industries: the factory industries, where work can be organized tidily into shifts and costing is relatively simple. It was not, therefore, wholly practicable for the catering industry.

And unfortunately the new code of wages and conditions, essentially a factory code, was applied like a strait-jacket to all types of "catering establishment"—a term which in-

cludes both licensed and unlicensed hotels, boarding houses, restaurants, cafés, milk bars and so on.

Seaside landladies employing one servant found themselves under the same restrictions as hotel managers employing several hundred. In innumerable small places, amenities like morning tea disappeared, because it could only be served if the proprietor paid double overtime to a servant who would be needed to help with the evening meal.

The excellent intentions of the Catering Wages Act were frustrated by its own rigidity and its failure to allow for the different needs of varying types of hotel and restaurant.

Over the industry as a whole the effect has been to lower standards of service and to increase prices.

The workers have made direct gains of leisure and security, but these have in many cases been offset by reduced net incomes, especially in seaside hotels and restaurants where trade is seasonal.

So grave were the Act's consequences after two years of operation that Labour Minister George Isaacs set up a Commission nine months ago to report "as a matter of urgency" on its working.

The big question for the Commission to answer was: "How can we make it easier to run catering establishments for the guests' benefit without throwing the workers back into the bad old ways of overwork and underpayment?"

Unfortunately, the Commission has dodged the main issues in its long, wordy report, and its most positive proposals are for the setting up of yet more committees.

On a few practical details the Commission wants "reconsideration," and it says outright that bank holiday work should be paid at normal rates. (It is now paid at triple rates, and the fact that such drastic amendment is recommended is in itself an open confession that there is something very wrong with the provisions of the Act.)

No Government announcement of a verdict on the Commission's report is likely before Parliament resumes in October, the September emergency session having had no time for this.

Mr. Isaacs should give the Commission its report back—to do a proper job.

A new plan to protect the workers' interests and yet enable the catering industry to work efficiently must be found. This timid and woolly report is not good enough.



From a painting by Charles Cundall, R.A., R.W.S.

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**FREE
SPEECH**

A queue for the nursery school

TO HELP MY HUSBAND during his early years as a struggling young professional man, I am prepared to meet the full cost of sending my child to a day nursery school while I go out to work. Yet I find that it is almost impossible to get my child into a nursery.

Surely there is a desperate need for enterprising and responsible persons to open up some form of private nurseries for young children? I have found on inquiry in London, where I lived until recently, and in Kent, that nowadays children are admitted to corporation-run nurseries only for priority reasons and that there are long waiting lists. I have been told here in Northfleet that if you enter the name of a child a few months old, it may be accepted at the age of three years.—MRS. D. MAYDELL, 57 Burch Road, Northfleet, Kent.

Colour-barred From N.Z.?

VERY KEEN ON EMIGRATING to New Zealand, and bearing in mind that the Dominion has been calling for new citizens, I went to see the representative of New Zealand in England. I was politely told that it was no use my putting forward an application form as I did not stand a chance—because of my colour. A British subject who has been through it all with the Forces in the second World War, I had been looking forward to starting a new life abroad with my family. If the New Zealand Government doesn't want coloured people from Britain to educate the coloured in New Zealand, why don't they advertise the fact, instead of hiding it? They claim they are a Christian country, yet I am beginning to doubt it.—DISGUSTED, Glasgow.

The New Zealand Government office in London says: "There is provision for application to be made by aliens and persons not fully of European race and colour for permission to enter the country for permanent settlement. In these cases it is necessary for application for a landing permit to be made to the Comptroller of Customs, Wellington, New Zealand. Applications for landing permits are considered on their merits."

No Smoking—But They Do

BECAUSE OF CHRONIC ASTHMA I am no longer allowed to travel by train. Retreat to a non-smoker is of no avail as the mere sight of the forbidding sign NO SMOKING is enough to make the average member of the public light up the foulest of pipes just to show that this is a free country. The mildest of protests has involved me in such very unpleasant scenes that I have had to give up the unequal struggle. Is there no way of impressing on persistent smokers that the courteous observance of restrictions on smoking is not necessarily a fad, but, in cases such as my own, a means of making travel tolerable to certain other people?—R. F. S. MORTON, Group Captain, R.A.F. (retd.), Great Waldingfield, Sudbury, Suffolk.

... Though I have travelled in buses in almost every part of the United Kingdom and in many other parts of the world, the Potteries area of Stoke-

on-Trent is the only place where I have found the "No Smoking" ban on the lower deck completely ignored. Conductors take no notice, inspectors are indifferent. What is wrong with the Potteries? Is it bad manners, ignorance, lack of consideration for others, or what?—WORLD-TRAVELLED, Stoke-on-Trent.

Canals Into Roads

AS CHAIRMAN of a highways committee, I appreciated your editorial on the road muddle (JOHN BULL, September 16). There are many facets to the problem, and your suggestion of a Royal Commission is a sound one. One point for a Commission to consider would be to make use of the disused canals by emptying them or filling them in and, after they have been widened, to earmark them for fast light cars and heavy-lorry traffic.—H. EASTWOOD (Chairman, Highways Committee, Manchester City Council), 57 Ardwick Green North, Manchester.

... There must be thousands of colour-blind road users, both drivers and pedestrians.

Would not traffic lights like these in the enclosed sketch help to cut down accidents? On approaching the lights and seeing the full disc shining, anyone, whether colour blind or not, would know at once that the road was clear. And as we always associate the triangle with the danger signal, I suggest it should be used as the stop sign.—HERBERT H. CLOUGH, 5 Halstead Street, Nelson, Lancashire.

... There must be thousands of colour-blind road users, both drivers and pedestrians.

Tarzan Returns

WE HAVE A SMALL GARDEN at the back of our house and this is the fifth year that a frog has paid us a visit, always after heavy rain. At night, if the door is open, it comes into the house, and we have found it on the hearth. It has just turned up again in the garden and my husband and I are so pleased to see it once more—we are getting on in years. We call it "Tarzan."—MRS. LEATHERLAND, 15 Caulton Street, Hyson Green, Nottingham.

His Double Handicap

DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR both my legs were amputated below the knees. After thirty-two years with artificial limbs, I can confirm Harvey Graham's statement in his article "Learning To Live With A Wooden Leg" (JOHN BULL, September 16) that it is possible to live a normal life with such a handicap. I was nineteen when a "Jerry" shell got me at Cambrai in 1918. At the time it seemed the end of everything, or at least a black and dismal future. But as mastery over my artificial legs was

achieved, the handicap lessened. I have held down the same full-time job for twenty-eight years, been happily married since 1926 and have three healthy children. I enjoy swimming and bowls, frequently cycle anything up to twenty miles and have dug and cultivated an allotment unaided for the past eight years. My case should prove to others who have recently lost limbs that their future can be far brighter than it appears.—NORMAL, Northampton.

Boss Drove Them Home

ARE THE VOLUNTARY agricultural camps being used as an excuse to provide cheap labour? At one I went to recently we were paid the minimum of 1s. 6d. per hour, and after working for five days I had only 10s. left after paying for my keep and rail fares. Later, I had occasion to go to Scotland and I got a job on the land there. The farmer paid us 3s. an hour, provided all meals and drove us home in his car each night.—JAMES R. LOTZ, 24 Wenlock Road, Anfield, Liverpool.

Their Riviera Fling

I HAVE RECENTLY RETURNED FROM a holiday in the South of France, where, at a café in Cannes, I met a number of young English ex-Servicemen who were working in British-owned yachts. It was work for which no labour permits were required, and these boys were having a last fling before settling down to their peacetime jobs. One well-travelled lad, with a long, black beard, gave me the full story. The idea was to work a few weeks, save some money and then take a holiday hitch-hiking along the coast, returning to Cannes only when hard up. The young man with the beard had been obliged to return to "headquarters" because his boots needed repairing. As one returned, so another departed. Although wages were low, sleeping quarters could always be found at short notice in a yacht whose owner was absent. And the café proprietress, known to all as "Mamma," could always be relied on for a meal or a drink "on tick" when money was short. I spent an entertaining afternoon listening to their experiences on a yacht owned by a famous actress who was conveniently absent.—E. MAIDEN, 55 Bramcote Road, Beeston, Notts.

A Vicar's Postbag

MY "FAN MAIL" AS A CLERGYMAN is, I claim, consistently larger and more varied than that of any film star. Since my ordination twelve years ago I have received more than 25,000 letters, and my "fans" have ranged from beggars to lords.—REV. WILLIAM J. LOWRY, The Vicarage, Monk Fryston, near Leeds.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter

THIS WEEK'S COVER

LIVING in a Surrey village, cover artist W. E. Narraway has learnt quite a lot about the potato harvest. "Also," he says, "from personal experience I can report on behalf of anyone who has ever picked potatoes that the job would be much less back-breaking if they grew on trees. But it's grand fun all the same—especially for the school-boys, who usually end up pelting their pickings at each other."



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John Bull photographs by Arthur W.ington

Mary Stuart with one of the children in her care. Taking a toy to bed was her first idea: "When you've no mother to kiss you good night, it helps"



No more issue clothing. Instead, children go to a store and choose their own outfits

Godmother to a city

by EDWIN PACKER

Mary Stuart is part of the children's new deal. She not only gives them food and shelter. She's finding mother love for them as well

ONE MORNING LAST YEAR a crowd of people filled the waiting-room of the Leicester Children's Department in Rupert Street and overflowed on to the stairs. All had come on the same errand. In answer to an advertisement in the previous evening's paper they wanted to adopt two brothers, aged seven and eight. Although advertisements for foster-parents had been appearing in the local Press for years, never before had there been such a swift and overwhelming response.

The reason was simple. Mary Stuart, an attractive, fair-haired woman of thirty-six, who was Leicester's newly appointed children's officer, had altered the wording of the traditional foster-parent advertisement. Instead of mentioning rates of pay and clothing allowances she had

given the ages of the brothers, said that they had been grossly neglected and that a home was being sought for them. The love of children, which is in most of us, did the rest.

This incident illustrates perhaps the most significant feature of the new deal which the Children's Act of 1948 has brought to the children of Britain who are deprived of a normal home life. Miss Stuart is one of the 140 children's officers appointed under the Act in England and Wales who are responsible for this change from the official to the human approach.

Mary Stuart took up her new job at Leicester on April 1 last year. At nine o'clock that morning she became official godmother to 700 children in twenty institutions and dozens of foster-homes. They were the city's orphans, abandoned



Boys from Countesthorpe homes on a visit to Leicester. Mixing with others is encouraged

children and children of destitute parents; children who had been exposed to moral danger, or who were beyond the control of their parents, or in need of care and protection; boys committed to the city's remand home and approved school.

Mary Stuart immediately set about turning the children's charter into a reality. Some of the fresh ideas and modern methods she introduced involved staff reorganization and new buildings; others were small, homely touches. One of her first suggestions, for instance, was that younger children at the Countesthorpe cottage homes should take a cuddly doll to bed with them. "When you have no mother to kiss you good night, a bunny or teddy can help," she says.

The Curtis Report complained that the beautiful grounds of many children's homes were kept as show-pieces. Mary Stuart has seen to it that full use is made of available space. Sandpits, water, and junk playgrounds have been provided, to give an outlet for the destructive tendencies from which deprived children suffer. Commando rope nets have been ordered for the Woodlands remand home. They will be hung between trees that surround one of the fine lawns. Boys who formerly felt the urge to clamber down a drain-pipe at night and run away, will now be able to satisfy legitimately their itch for climbing.

Alongside the junk playground in the remand home grounds stands an old lorry which Mary Stuart cadged from a generous local firm. One boy boasted on his arrival that the Woodlands would not hold him long. Then he saw the lorry. Professing to know all about engines, he announced he would quickly make it road-worthy. He had not succeeded when the time came for him to go to an approved school—but he had forgotten about his boast to abscond.

At Mary Stuart's suggestion, a psychologist now visits the Desford approved school to help in the treatment of emotionally disturbed young minds. At Desford, too, Miss Stuart has arranged with the Leicester Director of Education that the eleven-year-olds take the grammar-school

entrance examination. Previously, they were automatically transferred to the secondary department of the Desford school. Now, those who are capable of benefiting by higher education are attending grammar schools in the city.

The children from the Countesthorpe cottage homes no longer have their clothes issued from stock. Instead, they go to Leicester with one of the house-mothers and have an individual outfit chosen for them. The cottages are being repainted. For the first time wallpaper is being used for internal decoration to make them more homelike. Social gatherings of house-parents are being held at which problems of child-rearing are discussed. Youngsters are encouraged to mix with people not steeped in institutional atmosphere. Membership of youth organizations is fostered. The Leicester Round Table has opened a youth club in the cottage homes, staffing it with voluntary workers.

Children Did The Scrubbing

Before Mary Stuart took over, house-parents at the homes had been overworked, often foregoing their weekly day off and their summer holidays because there was no one to relieve them on duty. Older children had been getting up at 6.30 a.m. to scrub and polish before they went to school. This drudgery has been cut out by recruiting domestic workers and relief house-parents, and by installing electric irons, washers and potato peelers.

In the past, children in the care of many local authorities were boarded out with foster-parents on a trial-and-error basis. A youngster whose bad social habits were glossed over had a succession of foster-homes. The effect on his emotional make-up was disastrous. "Now we get to know all we can about a youngster first," says Mary Stuart. "Then we can decide on his future."

The policy is paying dividends. Only children who are suitable for boarding out are placed with foster-parents, and the foster-home is chosen to fit the needs of the child. Since Mary Stuart was appointed, the only child who has failed to settle with her selected foster-parents was a girl who grieved at being parted from her brothers at the cottage homes. Within a week she was sent to join them.

One of the major changes that Miss Stuart is making concerns the reception hostel. The existing hostel at Mill Hill Lane went on her black list when she made a survey of the institutions. Councillor Mark Henig, chairman of the Children's Committee, agreed with her decision. "It is not right that the new life we are offering these children should begin in a dull, institutional, gardenless dwelling," he says. He persuaded the council to buy a twelve-roomed hotel in beautiful grounds for £11,510. It will be opened as the new reception hostel later in the year.

But changes and new buildings are only part of the story. More important is what now happens to these children who have lost their parents through desertion, death or legal order.

Caring For The Unwanted Girl

It was from the juvenile court that Linda, a dark-skinned girl of eight who breathed through her mouth, came into Mary Stuart's care early this year. Linda, the magistrates decided, had been exposed to moral danger; that morning her mother had been imprisoned for keeping a brothel.

At the reception hostel she attached herself to a girl of her own age who showed her where the toys and games were kept. She was uneasy at bedtime. The presence of a bell-push on the dormitory wall, which would summon a grown-up any time during the night, did not reassure her. She was reluctant to get between the clean sheets. But she soon adjusted herself to the new surroundings, and during the three weeks that followed a lot was learnt about the girl.

The child-care officer on the C.O.'s staff, who was responsible for preparing the case history, started her investigation. She interviewed Linda's mother in prison, and the child's father. She talked to officials, neighbours, teachers,

police. This was the story she pieced together.

Linda was an unwanted child. Born while her father was in the Army, the youngster's paternity was a source of parental dispute. After demobilization the man went to live with another woman. Linda's mother got a job. The child spent most of her time in the street and in neighbours' houses. She ran errands cheerfully and could be trusted with money. She got her own breakfast after her mother had gone to work, and put herself to bed because her mother never stayed in at night. Teachers reported her backward, but well-behaved and eager to please. Her school attendance was irregular, as she often did her mother's shopping or overslept when late hours took their toll.

In the last eighteen months a succession of "uncles" had made their appearance and stayed at the house for varying periods. More recently three women had come to lodge there, and men came and went at all hours. Linda's mother gave up her job; money seemed more plentiful. The police raid explained why.

Tests which the psychologist gave Linda showed that she was of normal intelligence; I.Q. 102, indicating that her backwardness was due to absence from school. The girl was a good mixer, equally at home with children and grown-ups. She was looking for affection.

The medical officer found that she was undernourished and needed her adenoids removing. She suffered from catarrh, and a nasal surgeon recommended that her sphenoidal sinuses should be scraped. The two operations, he said, would improve Linda's physical and mental health.

Three weeks after Linda was admitted to the reception hostel Mary Stuart held a case conference at which all these reports were given. The C.O. summed up the general opinion by saying that Linda would do well with kindly foster-parents. For the time being, however, the cottage homes would be the best place for her until she had undergone the treatment recommended by the doctors.

They Need Love And Understanding

Mary Stuart was at the hostel when Linda said goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and the other children, and went by car to the Countesthorpe cottage homes. The car drew up before No. 11 cottage, and Mrs. Nancy Knowling, the house-mother, came out to welcome Linda. Mrs. Knowling, a widow, is typical of the new recruits to the service who are appointed, not on past experience of institution life, but on ability to love and understand children.

That evening, when the other fifteen children who were to be Linda's companions for the next few months had gone to bed, Mrs. Knowling had a quiet chat with the youngster. She got to know Linda's likes and dislikes, her aptitudes and interests. To Linda, like all other newcomers to the homes, staying up half an hour after the rest meant a lot. Probably for the first time in her life she was being treated as a person of some importance.

Linda has now been in No. 11 cottage for three months. Her catarrh has gone; she no longer breathes through her mouth. Sam, a five-year-old boy of unknown parentage, has attached himself to the girl. They sit together at meals; Linda mothers him in an old-fashioned way. Everybody wants to be loved by someone, and Linda fills the bill for Sam.

This friendship has caused Mary Stuart to alter her plans. Instead of looking for a foster-home for Linda alone, the C.O. is seeking one where Sam can go as well. It is a tribute to the new deal for homeless youngsters that such a companionship should be taken into consideration.

Mary Stuart does not accept any child into her care unless she is completely justified in doing so. Parents planning to separate are told frankly that they cannot shelve their responsibility to their children by passing them on to the Children's Department. "One mother came to me a

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Hill and his wife at home. To her, he is a man of courage and ambition. His vice is—punctuality

New programme for the Radio Doctor

by DENNIS HOLMAN

In politics, Charles Hill's down-to-earth advice and fruity voice are taking him far and fast. All his life he has been getting what he wants. Now his eye is on the Health Ministry

THE RADIO DOCTOR, the secretary of the B.M.A. who led 53,000 doctors in opposing the Health Service, the M.P. for Luton, and a possible future Minister of Health, are one and the same person—Dr. Charles Hill, M.A., M.D., B.Chir., Hon. LL.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.H., a new Liberal-Conservative star, who looks somewhat like Aneurin Bevan, his bitterest political opponent. Hill has a stocky, rotund figure, a large, boyish face, eyes that are seen magnified behind thick glasses, grey hair coming down his forehead and the voice and manner of a well-to-do publican.

Politics have deprived B.B.C. listeners of five minutes of ripe, earthy, bowel-to-bowel advice that came over the breakfast table every Friday morning. Unless Hill loses his seat in the next General Election, the nation is not likely to hear

anything like: "If your child is constipated don't give him castor oil. Put your trust in that black-coated worker, the prune. . . ."

Hill's broadcasting dates from the first talk he gave on the iron lung, following the announcement of one being presented by Lord Nuffield. In August, 1941, and every Wednesday for three years, he spoke in the "Kitchen Front" series, on the medical aspects of wartime feeding. Robert Westerby, the novelist, first hit upon the idea of giving him an identity on the air. Instead of being "A Doctor," he became "The Radio Doctor," and the listening figure began spiralling upwards. It later touched ten million.

The Radio Doctor's language was direct: a rare euphemism was "the smallest room in the house." He based his popularity on the fact that people are more interested in disease than health. "If I'm going to talk about blood supply

I start with varicose veins," he once said. But his mike-side manner owed most to his particular brand of humour: "Don't be like the old lady, who, put on a diet, was discovered by her doctor eating a steak and kidney pudding. 'Yes, Doctor,' she said. 'I've 'ad me diet; now I'm 'aving me dinner.'"

The broadcasts were given live. Hill used to motor up from Harpenden, early on Fridays until one morning his car broke down and an announcer had the embarrassment of reading an intimate little script on breast feeding. Thereafter Hill spent Thursday nights in London.

He possessed two great radio virtues—timing and reliability. Only once did he nearly let the B.B.C. down. He was doing an evening series which began at 6.35 p.m., and clean forgot he had to broadcast until 6.20 p.m. that evening when he found himself at Finchley, driving towards Harpenden. Braking hard, he drove as fast as he could to Portland Place. He made it with a minute and a half to spare to find the producer quite unflurried. Charles Hill has an unshakable reputation for punctuality.

Scholarships Helped Him Along

He is a Londoner, born in Islington and bred in Clapham. His father worked for an uncle in a small piano-making business, and died when Charles was thirteen months old, leaving two other children and a wife, who had to work to support them. Charles's education began at an elementary school in Clapham, then he went by scholarships to St. Olaves Grammar School, Tower Bridge, at the age of eleven.

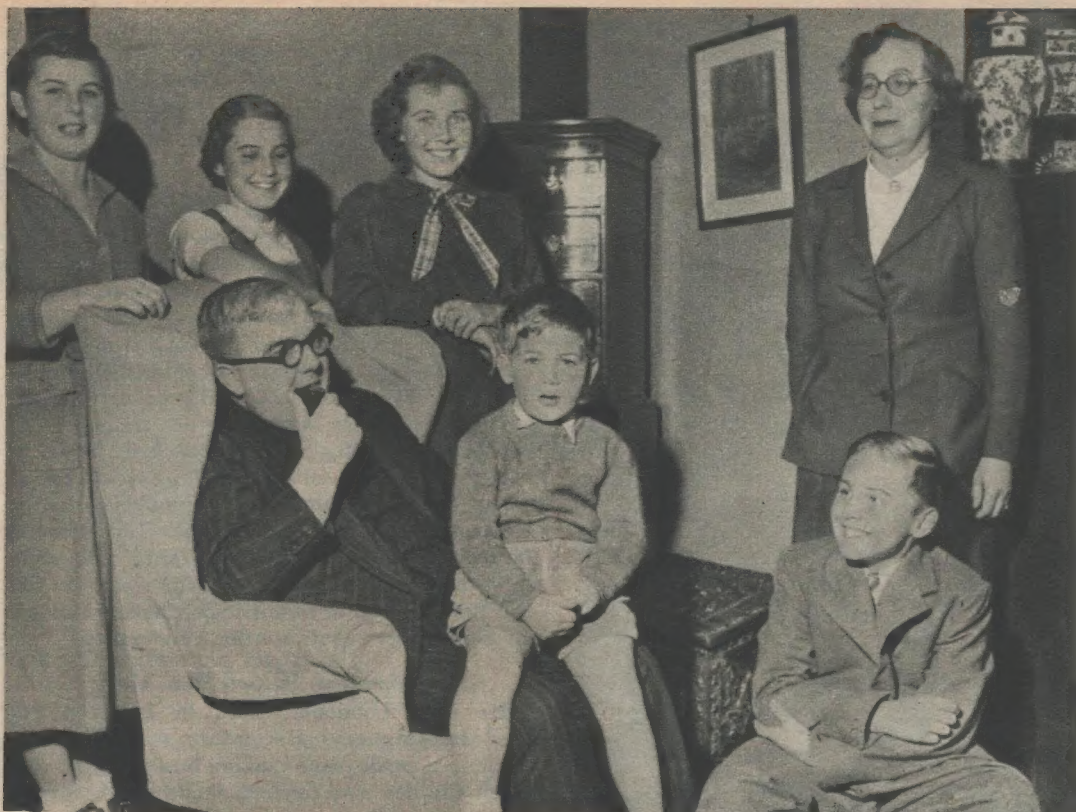
At St. Olaves he came under the influence of the school's famous headmaster, W. G. Rushcliffe, who thought that every boy who went into the sixth form should leave it with a university scholarship. Hill fulfilled "Rushy's" ambition. The scholarship took him to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he met Marion Wallace, the Newnhamite who is now his wife. They still argue about how they actually met; he maintains it was over the dissection of a pigeon's brain, she that it was the small intestine of a rabbit. Then, as now, it was fashionable for a student to conceal the fact that he was working hard. Hill concealed his efforts so effectively that when Marion Wallace looked for their names in the tripos lists she started at the bottom. Hill's name was not among the Thirds, nor was it among the Seconds, where she found her own; she concluded he had failed. Actually he had taken a First in Part I of the Natural Science Tripos, to which years later he added the Cambridge M.D.

Hill was never able to afford the failure in one or two medical examinations that the average student of that time accepted. He supported himself as a university extension lecturer in biology during his lean period as a student in London and as a house doctor at London Hospital. Lecturing brought him £240 a year. His first professional earnings were his keep and nine shillings a week for his share as anaesthetist; the coroner could be counted on for an occasional windfall in the shape of three guineas for a "Brought In Dead"—the patient who, as far as a hard-up house doctor on duty was concerned, was considerate enough to die before admission. Usually the two doctors on duty shared the fee. Hill was born lucky: one night a car accident resulted in three patients being brought in dead, and he was the only doctor on duty to receive them.

Marriage—And A Change Of Job

They were among the last patients Dr. Charles Hill ever attended, for after ten months on the staff of a mental hospital he went over to the administrative side of the profession and has been there ever since: in 1930 he became Deputy Medical Officer for Oxford and married Marion Wallace the following year. In 1932 he joined the B.M.A. as an assistant secretary.

He became deputy secretary in 1935; and in 1944, upon the death of the previous secretary, Hill was appointed secretary on a salary scale



The Hill family. To his children, he is predictable and generous—and a great writer of letters

reaching beyond £4,000 a year: he had come into prominence for his work on the B.M.A. Medical Planning Commission. As a colleague has said, "Charles's reputation was made in the committee-room. He is a born committee man."

Look at the record: he has been president of the World Medical Association; vice-president of the Central Council for Health Education; secretary of the British Commonwealth Conference; member of the Industrial Health Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Labour, the Medical Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Health, the National Food and Agriculture Organization Consultative Committee. As secretary of the B.M.A. he guided such B.M.A. committees as the Central Medical War Committee and the Negotiating Committee for the National Health Service Act.

But "negotiating" hardly describes the almost unreasoning bitterness of the B.M.A.'s anti-Health Scheme efforts, remembering the secret meetings in London, the threats of a doctor's strike, the guarantee of £100,000 for a proposed Fighting Fund of £2,000,000 to back the strike, the ballots, the propaganda stories.

Smooth Path To Parliament

When the Bill became the National Health Service and the B.M.A. disengaged to regroup its forces, Hill was able to point out that it would be advisable to have somebody in Parliament capable of putting the B.M.A. case. He had already stood in the 1945 election as an independent. The fact that he was not elected, he argued, had prevented their carrying the fight against Bevan to the very floor of the House. Hill's timing was perfect. He had no difficulty in persuading the Association to let him stand for Parliament in 1950.

He lived on the outskirts of Luton: invitations from Luton Liberals and Conservatives were arranged, both of which he accepted, provided they united to put him up as a joint candidate. "My election campaign was a bit restrained," he recalls. "I had to make one of the five political broadcasts, which meant I had to cut open-air work in case I lost my voice."

At one meeting a man kept interrupting Hill all through a speech on the health of the nation. "What about the birth rate? That's going down," the heckler shouted. Hill quipped back. "You might help it by staying at home instead of attending political meetings."

Dr. Charles Hill's maiden speech in the House

of Commons was something of a Parliamentary occasion. R. Hopkin Morris, K.C., the tall, courteous Liberal M.P. for Carmarthen, describes the events that led up to it: "Charles Hill came to Parliament with an outside reputation, which is not always to a new M.P.'s advantage. . . ."

Hill had arrived with a double reputation, as the vital, energetic secretary of the B.M.A., Bevan's formidable opponent, and as a popular broadcaster whose election broadcast was perhaps the most effective single instrument of Tory propaganda — 12,000 records of it were distributed all over the country, and Churchill sent him a personal letter of thanks.

Maiden speeches, by tradition, are not usually controversial, but if a new man picks a controversial subject he is given his head and allowed to speak without interruption. Usually the new M.P. delivers this oration after tea, when the House is almost empty and the rows of red-upholstered benches are punctuated only here and there by a recumbent M.P.

"Hill picked the subject he'd always been associated with in violent controversy," Hopkin Morris continues. "Everything that led up to it was attended by overtones of drama and expectancy, so that when word was flashed round that Charles Hill was on his feet the House filled quickly. Bevan, who always relies on his memory, was there on the Front Bench with a notebook, waiting for the attack. None came. Hill made a well-tempered, constructive speech

on his subject. It was witty and of the right length. He sat down amid thunderous applause."

Much of it came from the Labour benches: because to most Conservatives, who had heard his election broadcast, Hill's speech came as quite a shock: here was the bitterest opponent of the Health Bill saying that Bevan had "rightly" done this and that, earning continuous approval from the Labour benches.

Nevertheless, Hill had demonstrated an accomplished Parliamentary manner: it was not long before he came to be accepted as one of the leaders of his side of the House. His ambitions are really political. He has his eye on the Health Ministry, in the event of a Conservative victory at the next election; and there are few M.P.s who do not agree that his chances are sticking out. He has set about assiduously cultivating his constituents, identifying himself proudly with the workers on the local-boy-makes-good theme.

How He Resigned From The B.M.A.

Hill's resignation from the B.M.A. was made as a gesture to his constituents. It happened at the B.M.A. Assembly at Southport last July, at which, Hill knew, a large proportion of the 400 delegates were objecting on principle to a party politician continuing as secretary of a politically neutral professional body. One of those present at a secret session described what happened: "He took the wind out of everybody's sails by delivering a speech in which he declared his first loyalties were to his constituents, and ended dramatically by announcing his resignation. The effect was to leave his critics feeling they had lost the best secretary the Association had ever had."

The personality of Charles Hill has to be studied from several angles: like walking round an Epstein statue, what it seems like depends on the point of view. His home is in Milton Road, Harpenden. It is a large Victorian house, sensibly furnished and surrounded by a garden, with steps at the back leading to a fine lawn and behind it to a space for fruit trees and vegetables; maintained by a paid man, for Hill is neither handyman nor gardener. Here he lives with his wife and five children: they see Hill's domestic side.

To Jennifer, Elizabeth, Susan, Robert and John Hill, whose ages range from seventeen to five, he is the father who takes them to the Isle of Wight on holiday every year and writes each a weekly letter when they are away at school; who is reasonable, predictable, generous; who owns a fast car and is not afraid of driving it; who is explicable because he watches football and inexplicable because he plays golf.

Lowbrow Who Is Always Popular

To Marion Hill, her husband is a man of physical courage and strong ambitions, with brains and talents that have taken him up the ladder to altered circumstances of conflict and power. He has no cultural interests, being frankly lowbrow in his tastes and choice of entertainment. Not particularly sensitive or artistic, he likes people, making friends easily, remembering their names and faces and judging them generously. He has an easy manner, even if his humour is fruity and larded with expletives; so he is popular and always good company.

Punctuality is Hill's vice: he is never late and will not tolerate anybody being late for anything. His decisions are made on the spot, and he works quickly, dictating his broadcasts and newspaper articles to his wife as he walks up and down the room.

Hill's B.M.A. associates find him as hard as a diamond and cut with many facets: to the Council he is a skilful and efficient administrator; to subordinates he is democratic and generous; critics describe him as an opportunist who is continually pushing Charles Hill. One of these has said: "Charles has the knack of silencing opponents by making stooges of them. He has an appetite for power and a constitution to digest it."

THE END

THRILLING MYSTERY SERIAL STARTS NEXT WEEK

JOHN BULL next week begins serial publication of a new novel by Macdonald Hastings, well-known writer and broadcaster.

Secret of the Black Brae

is a fast-moving adventure story, packed with thrills from the moment that a corpse comes to the surface of a remote Highland river until the last exciting episode.

To make sure of reading every instalment, place a regular order with your newsagent now.



It was a fair-haired woman this time. But it was the same sort of house with the same photographs. I felt light-headed and a little panicky

Man in their life

by DORIS LESSING

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

I WAS IN THE CAPE and I wanted to get to Nairobi. It was a question of getting from one place to another as quickly as possible, and nothing to do with pleasure, and I had to go by car. I knew beforehand it would be dull, since most of Africa, from the scenery point of view, is made to sleep or read through.

I drove fast, wanting to get the thing over. Every hour or so one passes through some little dorp: they are all the same, there is no need to describe them. If I stopped for a cup of tea, there was a bunch of thicklegged sunburnt youths in khaki, eating ice-cream and talking about motor cycles and film stars: and farmers drinking beer standing because they were in a hurry: and the young girl waitress who longed only for the day when she could get to the big city. She said the name of the city as if it were London, and when one reached it, fifty miles on, perhaps, it was a slightly larger dorp with all the same post offices and dusty trees in ragged files and people, only with five thousand people instead of a hundred.

Driving through these dreary little villages one thinks what a wonderful continent to have so few people in it; and driving through the miles of long grass and thorn and scrub, all looking exactly the same, miles of nothing at all, one

Two wives waited for him—and so, soon, would a third. He had to leave them. How could he stay?

thinks what a pity, and all this space needs filling up.

On the evening of the third day I was somewhere in the Northern Transvaal, and by then I was in that detached and somewhat dreamy state of mind that comes of moving quickly over long distances and seeing other people all having to stay in the same place, belonging nowhere oneself. When I reached the place where I wanted to stop the night, the sun was blood-red through the haze of dust and the main street was full of cattle and people. It was a show, and the hotel was booked up, and there was nowhere to go.

The proprietor advised me to go to the house of a woman who took in people sometimes, in times of emergency. Only I would have to get in her good books, because she was fussy whom she took.

The house was about a mile away, all by itself, huddling under a large tree. It was small, with chocolate trellis-work along the veranda and the roof sagged under scarlet bougainvillea. The

woman who came to the door was a plump, comfortable, warm-eyed, dark-haired creature dressed in a pink apron and her hands were floury from cooking.

At first she didn't seem inclined to take me. But when I said with pathos that I had come all the way from Johannesburg that day, there was an immediate and rather extraordinary reaction from her. "Johannesburg," she said. "Fancy that! I remember my second husband was from Johannesburg when he came here in the beginning."

"It's certainly a long way," I said.

"I remember he was so tired and hot and dusty," she said.

I told her I was tired and hot and dusty too. Once I got in, she couldn't do enough for me. It was a nice little house, full of flowers and pictures and ribbons and china behind glass. You could see she spent all her time on it. The most interesting thing about it was that everywhere in the house were large posed photographs of the same

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THE CYPRIOTS are a dour but amicable people who admire Britons for the good government they have brought to the island, and at the same time conduct a ceaseless agitation to escape from British rule. They sit in their coffee-shops on upright chairs and stare in silence at the stranger. At Ypsonas, on the slopes of Mount Olympus, they gathered thus around the British Commissioner in his casual shooting jacket and flannels: old men in waistcoats, top boots and baggy Turkish breeches, younger men in sports shirts and pin-stripe trousers. And as they stared at him there was the glint of a smile in their olive-black eyes.

Talking in Greek, with an easy familiarity, the commissioner said: "Well, what are your problems?" The silence continued. Then the head-man of the village answered him with an air of gruff satisfaction. No. For once there were no problems.

"So the dam's working all right?"

There was a mumbled chorus of assent, and two or three of the villagers said: "You must come and see our crops."

We finished our Turkish coffee and trudged up the road in the morning sunshine, towards the fields. As we walked I heard the story of the dam. The major problem of the Cypriot farmer is shortage of water. It rains there only for a few winter months, and for the rest of the year the rivers are dry. Moreover, the country is mountainous, and the rain rushes headlong into the sea unless it is stemmed and deflected by an elaborate system of dams, weirs, cisterns and channels. Thus water, in Cyprus, is more precious than gold. More murders are committed for water than for women. Each peasant has his water rights, scrupulously allotted according to place, time and season, fiercely defended in the courts and elsewhere. For if a man steals his neighbour's water he deprives him of life.

Ypsonas was a village which had depended entirely on the rush of rain, snatching one quick wheat crop from the soil and, if there was a drought, not even that. The commissioner had suggested the construction of a dam, just above the village, which would conserve the rainfall and provide irrigation throughout the spring months, ensuring the wheat crop and providing a second crop of vegetables as well. If the villagers would



Water's like gold to Cypriot farmers. "More murders are committed for it than for women"

Socrates would like it both ways

by LORD KINROSS

The Greeks have a word for it—Enosis—a word that is a key to divided loyalties in British-ruled Cyprus. Some solution may emerge this month after men like Socrates Antoniadès have cast their votes

contribute a quarter of the cost, the Government would pay the rest.

But the Cypriots are a stubborn, conservative race, suspicious of anything new. For two whole years the villagers of Ypsonas hummed and hawed about the dam, while the commissioner, following the British policy of persuasion and advice rather than compulsion, argued the case for it and left them to fight it out. Finally, with a show of deep reluctance, they tentatively approached him, reporting agreement.

The dam was built. And now, with pride, the villagers led us hither and thither across their fields, showing us the network of well-dug, swift-flowing channels which now enriched the soil, fertilizing a profusion of fodder and vegetables which had never grown there before.

But peasant caution dies hard. It would not do to appear too satisfied. Looking slyly at the commissioner, a young man said: "And when is the Government going to give us water all the year round?" There was a guffaw, as the commissioner replied that even Britain could not boast command of the weather.

Leaving the village, we passed a lorry whose driver stopped to greet us, disgorging from the back a group of Cypriot youths with butterfly nets and spray-guns. They were a mosquito unit, one of hundreds which systematically comb the mountains and valleys of Cyprus, exploring every hole, crevice and cave, disinfecting every puddle, trickle and pool, with such success that the malarial mosquito exists there no more.

"The director of medical services," said their leader picturesquely, "is our modern St. George, who has slain the dragon of malaria."

Problem Of The Wine

We drove on up the mountainside to other villages. At Omodhos, where whitewashed houses and white-paved streets shone through a blinding gauze of dust beneath the afternoon sun, the problem was not water but wine. Only vines would grow on these bleached, terraced hillsides. But since the end of the war, markets for Cyprus wines had dwindled, and there was a narrow, almost truculent look in the eyes of the villagers as they gathered round the commissioner.

He reminded them that the Government was helping them out by buying their *zivania* (spirit distilled from the grape). But this could not go on for ever. They must convert their vineyards to a better type of vine. This would take a year or two, but the Government would tide them over by a system of bonuses.

"There's nothing the matter with our wines," protested a gruff old peasant. This started an argument such as Cypriots love. Conservatism, and a stubborn belief in the perfection of everything Cypriot, at first held the day. But in the end the peasants were listening warily to the

arguments of the commissioner, and as we left there was a thoughtful look in their eyes.

The successful battles of the water, the vines, the mosquitoes, typify a Government which has made Cyprus the healthiest and best-administered country in the Mediterranean. The rough and easy friendship between commissioner and villagers typifies the mutual understanding which exists between Cypriots and British. But they take no account of politics. For though Cyprus is a British island and a credit to the Colonial Empire, its inhabitants, rightly or wrongly, regard themselves as Greeks. The Greek flag flies, the Greek language is spoken, the Green national anthem is sung, and those same Cypriots who with one breath acknowledge the blessings of British rule are with the next shouting in procession for the ejection of the British and for Enosis, the union of Cyprus with Greece.

The Typical Peasant

In my village, Socrates Antoniadès was the typical Cypriot peasant. Round-headed and stolid, with close-cropped hair, bright eyes and a welcoming grin, he owned a few acres of well-watered land, worked it industriously, and lived well enough off its produce. At his table there were eggs and chickens, vegetables and goat's cheese and fruit in season, and each week his wife baked the weekly bread and roasted the Sunday joint in the domed earthen oven which he had built in the garden.

They were a contented couple, prosperous by their standards, free to live their own lives with little or no official interference. Their tastes and recreations were simple. Socrates went across to his cousin's coffee shop each evening, drank his coffee, and perhaps a brandy or two, and discussed the news of the day in the local Greek newspaper. On Sundays they went, like the rest of the villagers, to the Greek Orthodox church, with its elaborate white belfry. And here they listened to a sermon, from the bishop or one of his priests, condemning the iniquities of British Imperialism and calling for Enosis. One Sunday the Church held a countrywide plebiscite. And Socrates, like ninety per cent of his Christian compatriots, voted for Enosis.

"So you want to get rid of us?" I asked.

He looked dismayed. "Oh, no! We like the British. We know where we stand with them."

"Would it be the same with the Greeks?"

He gave an embarrassed smile, looked round to make sure that he was not overheard, and said: "You don't want to listen too much to all this talk about Enosis."

But Cypriots have been listening to it for the past hundred years. When Britain took over the administration of Cyprus from the Turks in 1878, as partners in a joint defence scheme against the Russians, they were met by a depu-



A recent plebiscite asked: should Cyprus unite with Greece? Greek flags flying, Cyprus said "yes"

tation of bishops, requesting that the island should be united with "Mother Greece." When the Turks, as enemies, forfeited their final rights in it at the outbreak of the first World War, Britain offered it to Greece as a price for entering the war. But Greece refused it. When the war was over, and Cyprus became a Crown Colony, the agitation for Enosis was resumed, and in 1931 Cypriot rioters burned down Government House. As a result the legislative council, with its Cypriot majority, was suspended, and Britain governed the island by a stricter colonial régime.

Two years ago Britain offered Cyprus a constitution, involving wide representative powers. But the Cypriots rejected it, demanding only union with Greece. Britain refuses to consider this because of the island's strategic importance, for the threat from Russia today is even greater than it was in 1878, and because the Turkish minority, representing twenty per cent of the population, is strongly opposed to it. The result, for the moment, is deadlock.

Moving spirits of the Enosis movement are the Orthodox clergy, who have always played a leading part in politics, and who are in close touch with the Orthodox Church in Greece. The church is the focus of Cypriot village life. The priests are poor, obliged to supplement their incomes by work as artisans and labourers. In close touch with the peasants, they spread the gospel of Enosis like an act of faith.

Abbots and bishops, preaching it from their pulpits, wield an unchallenged authority. A team of them has been visiting Athens, London

and New York, lobbying for Enosis without much success. The Archbishop of Cyprus recently died. The election of his successor this month is an important event for the island. Archbishops in the past have been uncompromising in their insistence on Enosis, refusing to discuss practical politics. The next Archbishop may have a more modern, more realistic outlook.

Not Enough Grouses For Strikes

Meanwhile, politics remains the favourite sport of the Cypriots, who, in the absence of a Parliament, find a heated outlet for their passions in periodical two-party elections of archbishops and of municipal councillors. The Right Wing, blessed by the Church, comprises the middle class and the bulk of the peasants. The Left is strong among the working-class minority in the towns, whose trade unions it dominates. They like to call themselves Communists and are encouraged to do so by leaders who boast of journeys they have made to the Soviet satellite capitals. These leaders in 1947 staged disorders in towns and villages and strikes in the mines. But since the workers, under British rule, have few genuine grievances, the strikes collapsed when the employers stood firm, and the Communists were much discredited.

Socrates Antonides had two city sons to whom he was proud to have given a secondary education—a Greek education with a strong dash of Enosis. They talked of politics incessantly and belonged to rival political clubs.

"What," I asked one of the sons, Christos, a

Right-winger, "is the real difference between Left and Right? You both want Enosis."

"The Left pretend they want it," said Christos, "but they don't at all. They want a Constitution. They are not patriots."

"So you want Enosis yourself?"

"Of course. Cyprus must have its rights. It must have union with Greece." He added hastily: "That doesn't mean we don't like the British."

"Wouldn't you rather govern yourselves?"

"Why should we? We are Greeks."

A few days later I met Christos, beaming with satisfaction. He had a new job. "It's with a British firm," he said proudly. "The British are the people to work for. You know where you stand with them."

Christos's brother, Janni, a waiter, belonged to the Left Wing party. He talked bitterly about the "traitors" of the Right. "They don't really want Enosis at all. They collaborate with the British Imperialists. We are true anti-Fascist patriots, who don't want to have anything to do with the British. We only want union with Greece."

"But Greece has a Right Wing government, and you belong to the Left."

"For the moment it has. But if we have union with Greece we can fight to overthrow its government." Then he started to ask me questions about London. He had a cousin who worked there, who said it was the finest city in the world. "I'm trying to get to London," he said. "You know, there are 15,000 Cypriots in England. There are plenty of good jobs in the restaurants of Soho."

Electioneering—Cypriot Style

The municipal election in Socrates's village was a gala occasion, equalled only by the Easter Church celebrations. The two candidates abused each other more than they abused the British. Socrates's eyes bulged with excitement as he recounted to me each day the latest misdeeds of the "Communists," sacking Right Wing supporters from their jobs, threatening them with violence, kidnapping them on the eve of the poll, barricading them in their houses on polling day. When the day dawned the whole village turned out in its Sunday best to watch the voting. Ninety per cent of the electorate voted. The Right Wing candidate won and was carried off shoulder-high.

In the towns, where the Left was strong, the election was a sterner business. Feeling in Nicosia ran high. Left and Right Wing gangs were on the warpath. There were scuffles with sticks and stones and a number of minor casualties. The police protected the polling stations behind barbed wire barricades and cruised through the town in Black Marias, making arrests. The population camped for half the night in the main square, awaiting the result. It was a victory for the Right, but in the other towns the Left won victories.

Anticlimax followed. For the mountain of conflicting world ideologies had begotten a municipal mouse. The Cypriot has a growing political consciousness which finds its outlet, more and more, in a vigorous party rivalry. But as long as he refuses to govern himself, and Britain refuses to let him be governed by Greece, his democratic talents are limited to the hum-drum problems of local government. Accustomed for two thousand years to the domination of foreign Powers, he suffers from a divided allegiance. With his mind he recognizes the advantages of British rule, which has turned his island into a prosperous community. But with his heart, stirred by schoolmasters, priests and party leaders, he yearns, be he Left or Right, for the womb of Greece, from which he believes himself to have sprung.

Meanwhile Britain goes on building dams and roads, and hopes for a change of heart. In the end she may have to find a compromise, enabling Cyprus to rule itself beneath some sort of Anglo-Greek umbrella.

THE END

THE DARK NIGHT

by

THURMAN WARRINER

OVER THE ROUNDED SHOULDER of Blackwinter, a lithe figure made swift but cautious progress towards Youle's Farm. At Grindle Bridge, where the stream rattled noisily in the darkness twenty feet below, he left the stony path and struck across the moor. That way it was a mile nearer, though the ground was so littered with boulders and gashed by treacherous clefts that no time was saved. By a thousandth chance, however, someone else might have been using the path, and he would have been seen. That had to be avoided at any cost.

He stopped, breathing hard, straining his eyes towards the farm. He could see the pale glimmer of its lighted window, shining towards the huddle of houses, the squat, sombre church, the squat, cheerful inn.

There had been Youles at Youle's Farm for two hundred years. Inside the farmhouse now, unaware that his son was hurrying home across the bare hillside, a mile away and five hundred feet higher, Walter Youle kicked at the burning logs and sent a shower of sparks up the chimney. He knew that Harry had gone to see Gallimore, and didn't expect him back till late.

But all the same, the old man was restless.

Yet the time would come, he thought ponderously, when Harry would take his final departure. You couldn't expect a young man to stay in a place like this for ever. Farming at Blackwinter was a battle without hope of victory. A man on his deathbed could say that for forty or fifty or sixty years he had kept nature at bay, fought the bitterness of winter, the stony ingratitude of summer, struck blow for blow. That was all.

That was all his life had been. Now he sat by the fire. Work was done, the doors shut. But tomorrow it would all begin again.

And yet he was satisfied. He had a rich contempt for men who could do less than he. Away and below in the fertile valleys and among the teeming towns, men grew soft. They bleated to authority to nourish them, they moved together like a flock of timid sheep. But here, a man's reaction to adversity was work and struggle. He had lived by that rule all his life.

At sixty-five, Walter Youle was a man magnificent in the autumn of strength. In twenty years' time he would still be magnificent even in ruin. He was gross with muscled flesh, slow of movement and thought. His eyes were sunken

Gallimore was a heavy man. Youle carried him from the house, and made for the moor. There was just one chance left. He had to take it

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM LITTLE

He didn't know whether his son had killed Gallimore.

There was only one thing he could do about it now

and watery with constant peering into great distances. A straggle of grey moustache drooped about a mouth that still held most of his own teeth. In Blackwinter, they said he was a man to be reckoned with, and so he was.

As he pared a cake of tobacco into his hollowed palm, a slight sound in the yard brought his head sharply round. A hill-farm is an easy place to rob. Windle over at Low Edge had lost twenty head of poultry only last week, and it was said in the village that an unknown man had been seen prowling the lanes after dark.

But now he heard the familiar click of the backdoor latch. A gusty draught blew the wood ash into white heat, and Harry's heavy boots rang on the stone flags.

"You're early," the old man said. "I wasn't expecting you yet."

Harry shut the door. In the set of his face was more of the hard Youle look than his father could ever remember seeing there—and that in spite of the boy's slim build and the black hair his mother had given him.

"Is anybody about?" he asked sharply.

"Who should be about?" And then, curiously, "I didn't hear the front gate."

"I came over the croft."

"From Gallimore's place? On a night like this?"

"I didn't want to go through the village."

The old man waited. Harry flung his coat over the nail on the door, pushed his fingers through his hair and came up to the fire.

"Gallimore's dead," he said, the breath whistling through his teeth.

Walter Youle's pipe rattled on to the hearth. Without moving his eyes from the boy's face, he began to fumble for it among the hot ashes.

"I went up there about eight. What time is it now?"

The American clock on the high mantelpiece had stopped. Walter Youle stuck the pipe back in his mouth and looked at his watch. "A quarter past nine."

The boy grunted. "Took me an hour to get back. It's a dark night."

He reached up to the mantelpiece for a packet of cigarettes, shook one out and lit it.

"The front door was open. I knocked and nobody came, so I went in. There was a light in one of the rooms, and that door was open too. Gallimore was down on the carpet, dead."

He sat down, pulling at the cigarette and staring at his father.

"What had happened to him?" the old man asked in a rough, sharp voice.

"He'd been hit with a lump of rock. Crystal stuff. The sort of thing he might have used for a paper-weight. There was blood on it."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing, except make sure he was dead."

THE old man tore a strip of paper, twirled it into a spill, lit his pipe. "Last week," he said, "you'd a row with Gallimore in the Hare and Hounds."

"Yes."

"Plenty of people there. Windle told me about it. Gallimore said if you didn't leave his daughter alone he'd have the hide off your back. And you told him if he wasn't Lucy's father you'd break his neck."

"That's what I've been thinking about," Harry said, "coming down from Grindle Bridge."

"Have you seen Lucy since?"

Lucy Gallimore didn't live at home. She was training at Holtrigg to be a nurse. She came home once a week, on Tuesdays.

"Yes. I met her outside the house next time she came and took her to the bus."

"Did Gallimore see you?"

Harry nodded. "He followed her out and started a row. I wouldn't quarrel with him in front of Lucy. I said I'd go up tonight and talk to him."

"Did anybody else know you were going?"

"I don't think so."

"Meet anybody on the way?"

"Not a soul. And if I had, they wouldn't have

known it was me. It's too dark. Never remember it darker."

"But you went up. And Gallimore's dead."

The boy said nothing. He blew smoke through his nostrils. His eyes never left his father's face.

Rid of the old man's vast bulk, the chair creaked loudly. Last winter he had been in bed getting over pneumonia, when the snow came down and buried twenty of his sheep. He had got up and stomped to the window, his face like a rock. Then he had put on his coat and gone to dig them out. They said he would die, but no Youle died short of eighty.

He looked now as he had looked then.

"There's a dish of bacon in the oven," he said. "and the kettle's boiled. Get some supper and go to bed."

Harry followed him to the door. "Where are you going?"

"Out."

"You think I killed Gallimore, don't you?"

"I haven't asked. There's no time to bother about that now." The old man reached for his cloth cap.

"You're not going." Harry moved between his father and the door.

"Get out of my way. You've been a big enough fool already."

"I can look after myself. I'll go down and tell Harris what's happened."

"You'd be locked up before midnight. Come away from that door . . . Harry!"

His great arm came forward like a ram, and Harry sprawled against the dresser.

"Get your supper and go to bed." He opened the door. "I'll look after this."

HE knew the moor as an old, malevolent enemy. As he climbed towards Gallimore's place by the same way his son had returned, he employed his lifetime's knowledge instinctively, steering his lumbering bulk through the blackness, all his senses co-ordinated, like a hunting cat's, to avoid hidden pitfalls and sloughs of treacherous bog.

And as he walked he let his thoughts run free.

He had begotten Harry late in life. The lad was twenty-one now, with all his father's strength, all the accumulated charm of Youles dead and gone these two hundred years. He could drink without staggering, he could work a hundred hours a week. He could set the heart of any woman in Blackwinter hammering with the gloss of his black hair and the flash of his teeth and the ring of his laughter.

Since Harry grew up, the roar of a tractor had been heard at Youle's Farm for the first time. It was Harry who had planned to tear up the margin lands, graze cattle where sheep had nibbled for scant pasturage in years gone by. Harry, out of his own savings, had bought the battered jeep that rattled down the hill to Blackwinter and brought back feeding-stuffs which, until recently, had been laboriously hauled by a team of borrowed horses.

The old man didn't know Lucy Gallimore. But if Harry wanted the girl, let him have her. He knew Gallimore himself, sour as bog-moss, mean as a rasp. Gallimore had lived at Morden House for ten years. Nobody liked him. Nobody would work for him, except a woman who came from Blackwinter every day when the weather was good enough and cleaned the place up. He lived alone, behind the rampart of whistling pine-trees, facing the sullen uplands.

Walter Youle joined the track where Harry had left it, at Grindle Bridge. He walked more quickly now, urging his heavy body forward.

In the almost total darkness, it was only by the moan of the wind that he knew he had come to the house.

All his life he had lived at Blackwinter, but he was no fool. He knew the ways of men, the pits that the unwary can dig for themselves. Before he pushed open the gate, and later the door, he wrapped a handkerchief round his fingers.

There was no light now in the room where



Gallimore had warned him to leave Lucy alone. Harry took no notice. He still met the girl

Gallimore had died. Harry, he thought irritably, should have left the place as he found it; the boy was green. The house had its own electrical plant; a cluster of small lights sprang up as he pressed the switch near the door.

It was a well-furnished room, thickly carpeted. There had been a fire, but it had long since gone out. Gallimore's body lay across the hearth, one hand crooked over the head as though in self-protection.

YOULE bent over him. The top of Gallimore's head was crushed. The piece of rock Harry had mentioned lay close to the left shoulder. He picked it up. At one time Gallimore had worked abroad as a mining engineer. This ugly specimen was probably a souvenir of those days. It was rough and heavy, with crystals growing out of it like suds from a washing bowl. Some of those crystals were unnaturally red, and bristling among them were several of Gallimore's scant grey hairs. There was no way of cleaning it. The old man put it in his pocket, stood up, and looked round the room.

He was looking for things Harry might have touched. The doorhandle, the switch . . . Harry might have rested his hand on the table or the marble mantel as he bent over Gallimore. Now his father carefully wiped and polished every one of these with his handkerchief.

He felt no sorrow for the dead Gallimore, though his nature was not vindictive or callous. Gallimore no longer concerned him. It was Harry, his own flesh, who mattered. He did not even ask himself, as he looked down at the dead man, whether his death was Harry's work or not. He accepted the problem as it had been given to him. There was no time for regrets, questions, speculations. There was time for one thing.

Gallimore was a heavy man. Walter Youle stooped, eased his hands under the flabby trunk, and lifted as he would have lifted a sack of grain. His muscles creaked; he held Gallimore against his chest till he straightened his back, then lifted again, and Gallimore was over his shoulder.

He left the lights burning, the door open as Harry said he had found it. The road that passed Gallimore's house turned sharply south towards Holtrigg, drawing a wide loop across the moor. A thread-like track, a mere groove worn

Continued on page 33

Trying to make atom bombs from green ink, fixing up an SOS signal on baby's crib, designing the psychological rat-trap, blotting out the moon—it's all going on in . . .

The dizzy world of bright ideas

by RICHARD COLLIER



Ben Thomas shows his sugar-saving gadget. Best price paid for one of his inventions: £100

INVENTORS LIKE TO TELL the story of a judge who had to explain to a disgruntled inventor just why it was that his discovery of how to square the circle couldn't be patented. "You see," the judge explained, "it's a discovery, not an invention, and you can't patent a discovery. Newton discovered the law of gravity, but he couldn't patent it. Pythagoras first propounded the theorem of the right-angled triangle, but he couldn't patent that either."

"In that case," asked the inventor, "where is my reward?" When the judge explained that his reward would be the gratitude of posterity, the inventor burst into tears. "I can't help it," he sobbed. "It's the first kind thing that anybody's said to me since I became an inventor."

Benjamin Thomas, a slim, dapper little man in his early forties, who works as an electrical engineer and draughtsman at Hayes, Middlesex, claims that the full savour of that story has only just become apparent to him. After ten years of launching his brain-children on to the world's markets, having patented close on fifty inventions, Thomas has come to the conclusion that—for much of the time, at any rate—an inventor's lot is not a happy one.

Quite the easiest part of the whole process, in Thomas's estimation, has always been the dreaming-up of ideas. Even at the tender age of nine, he was troubled by the rumpus that ensued every time the man came to read the gas-meter, tucked away in a dark corner of the cellar and difficult to locate. Soon young Ben had perfected an electrical device which lit up the meter when the door was opened. "It took me just a week to get it in working order," Thomas explains, "but, of course, I was too young to know anything about patents, so I got nothing out of it—apart from the satisfaction of knowing that I'd plenty more in my head where that came from."

Safer Way To Open An Egg

So much more, in fact, had Thomas got in his head that he has since devoted most of his working life to inventing modifications and adjustments for electrical devices turned out by his own firm. Though much of his spare time was spent in "knocking up little gadgets to amuse myself," it was not until the beginning of the war that he took up inventing in earnest. Then many families found themselves troubled by recurrent match shortages, but Thomas overcame this difficulty by constructing an electric gaslighter, run off the mains. Working on the same principles, he shortly afterwards produced a cigarette-lighter with a fuel gauge (to keep the smoker posted on the need for refills) and an egg-opener which neatly bisects the egg first go without the risk of splintering or dropping.

From that time on, almost every one of the inconveniences of daily life provided Thomas with a heaven-sent brainwave. Once, he was driving his car on a wet night and took his eyes off the road to light a cigarette. The car skidded, and he was almost involved in a serious collision. As a result, he produced a gadget which not only lit the driver's cigarette but puffed it for him until he was ready to take it over.

Those of Thomas's brainwaves that have involved electricity have mostly been taken up by his own firm, but many others, for lack of capital, he has never even been able to patent. Some, like the animated music-notator, which juggles phrases for song-writers, and the "square spoon," a Perspex container which ekes out the sugar ration by turning granulated sugar into "lump," have only recently reached production stage.

Thomas, in fact, is the first to admit that the happiest inventors are usually those who confine their activities to the workshop at the bottom of the garden, creating for their own pleasure or for the betterment of their domestic circle. It is only when the inventor, becoming possessed of a desire to help mankind, makes his invention public that the complications arise.

Any inventor who takes the plunge and decides to patent his idea first has to submit a preliminary specification—a brief statement of what his



Thomas uses the music-notator he devised to help song-writers. An invention can be patented only if it is workable—and neither frivolous nor immoral

invention entails—to the Patent Office, off London's Chancery Lane. The scrutiny of this alone, by any one of the Patent Office's 400 examiners, may take months; final sealing of the patent may take anything up to three years. The idea must be one which has not been anticipated for the past fifty years; and current specifications must also be searched, since on one or two occasions the Patent Office has granted separate patents for the same idea on the same day. The invention must eschew both "frivolity and immorality." And in these days it must not only be novel; it must be workable as well.

One inventor, for instance, submitted a specification for a novel method of burial, which entailed half-filling the coffin with spirit and allowing it to stand for a full twenty minutes. "If the corpse fails to revive," he contended, "life may be regarded as extinct. The coffin should then be filled with spirit, and the lid sealed down." This, he claimed, was novel for three reasons—it had never been done before; relatives could keep the remains, thus preserved, around the house, instead of having to inter them; the idea of preventing people from being buried alive was novel in itself. Nowadays, such a specification would be swiftly rejected, on the grounds that, although it was decidedly novel, it was scarcely practical or "of benefit to the public."

Currently there are 87,000 patents in existence, each of them granting the inventor a sixteen-year monopoly of his project in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Last year about 33,000 specifications were filed, of which only about 8,000 ever saw the light of day as patents. Plump, bespectacled A. W. Gould, the Patent Office's senior superintending examiner explains that while every examiner is expected to mull

over 100-odd specifications a year, the complications that may arise from any one case are endless. Occasionally, however, the examiner's task is made easier by the arrival of specifications which for a certainty have never been filed before—and are never likely to be filed again. The inventor who patented a device to "intercept the moisture running down the hands and wrists when eating crayfish," for example, presented the examiners with a relatively easy task. In the same category, Gould would place chocolate gramophone records (to be eaten when one is tired of the tune), the improved snoring belt (connected with an electric bell, which rings loudly when the sleeper shifts into snoring position) and a gruesome device for grinding up one's deceased relatives—"to incorporate them into a plastic composition for the making of door and umbrella handles."

What It Costs To Get A Patent

Thomas usually employs a qualified patent agent to draw up his specifications, which may cost him £20 for every invention put forward. Specification and patent sealing fees will cost him a further £5, and from the fifth year of the patent onwards the inventor pays an equivalent annual renewal fee—£6 for the sixth year, and so on. The best price that Thomas ever received for an invention was £100 for an ash-tray which automatically extinguished cigarette-stubs—"one of my least important jobs. Once, when he patented a special non-spilling powder compact, he was forced to sell out for £20—"I just hadn't the capital to develop the thing myself."

What kind of gadgets are the back-yard inventors concentrating on these days? Mostly, says examiner Gould, they are concerned purely

with domestic improvements—a neon light on the top of the crib that indicates when a nappy needs changing, a hand-controlled car for the use of the legless. Television, of course, accounts for a large proportion of current specifications: Thomas himself recently perfected a set which carries an adjustable hood, designed to make viewing practicable without the necessity of keeping the room in darkness. Atomic energy, proving irresistible to many, has even resulted in a recent scheme for making atom bombs from green ink.

Wartime, when well over 170,000 specifications were submitted, is still not quite the faint echo that outsiders might expect. One latter-day brainwave recommended a searchlight with a black beam for blotting out the moon, thus making things harder for enemy aircraft.

Oddities, in these days, are rarer than in the exuberantly individual years before the first World War, but on occasions they still crop up. Gould, for instance, considers that the time-honoured invention of the gun which fired "round bullets at Christians but square bullets at atheists" is fully equalled by the latest cure for baldness—hairs plaited into the scalp with a needle, the ends shaped like hooks to prevent them falling out when brushed—and the "psychological rat-trap." This was designed as a series of five intercommunicating chambers, the fourth of which was laid out with a good meal, the fifth of which became flooded, upon entry, with poison gas.

But, said the inventor, from the psychological angle, the non-appearance of rat after rat would make the remainder suspicious. He had therefore designed his apparatus so that every fifth rat went free and could go home to tell his friends what a good meal he had had.

THE END

THE EMBRY ESCAPE: *Part 5 of Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry's exciting wartime adventure, narrated by Anthony Richardson*

Captured again!

After his plane has crashed in flames, Embry is fleeing from the Nazis through France. Dressed in scarecrow clothes, he is making for the coast . . .

HE LEFT DREUIL HAMEL before dawn. The country in which he found himself was open; fine rolling downs, billowing away to the far horizon. Here and there, but several miles apart, were small copses and more frequently, in a sheltered cove of the downs, haystacks. It was one of the latter, perched just under the lip of a ridge, that he chose for his first resting place as day broke. He climbed up the side of the stack and dug out a couch where the hay had already been cut away. Then he took off all his clothes. He laid them out beside him. They were wet through with the early dew, for he had traversed two fields of corn before he reached the downs. He felt, moreover, they could do with an airing. Especially the nightdress. To say nothing of the socks.

The sun came up warm and bright, as it did day after day in the fine summer of that terrible year of 1940, and he felt the warmth on his naked flesh and the gentle touch of the light morning breeze on his back and flanks.

He studied his map and came to the conclusion that should he choose to travel by day this would be the area, with its wide open spaces and scarcity of roads, in which to start. No sooner had the thought passed through his mind than he knew that he had already subconsciously come to that decision. He would travel by day. His leg was threatening to become a very real hindrance; he knew it was going septic. He was exhausted, and one or two more nights like the last would bring him completely to the end of his tether. Moreover, it should be easier to find food by day.

He stepped out briskly. It was highly satisfactory to think that one hour by day could do the work of a whole night. He was going in the right direction as well. The certainty of that was completely reassuring. There was no wasted effort now, and soon he would find food. Meanwhile, for the sun was growing hotter, he would have a drink. He finished the last of the cider and threw the bottle away. Then he walked on.

The ground was undulating, so that only when he reached the crest of one of the small ridges was his field of vision sufficient to see any distance ahead. It was while he was traversing



A single terrible blow felled the German at the door. Embry sprang over him into the yard

one of the shallow inclines that he heard the sound of an approaching lorry. He was so astonished that he halted in his tracks.

The sound grew louder. So still was the air that the vehicle might have been some miles away, but when he started on his way again and reached the higher ground, he saw the truck about a mile off, driving directly at right angles to the line of his set course. That there was a road beneath him was now obvious, though it was hidden in a fold in the ground. What was just as clear was that the occupants of the lorry might have had him under observation for the last five minutes or more. And he was sure that they were Germans, for he thought he could just discern a steel helmet on the driver's head. He was caught in the open and their paths would cross.

The Only Course—Bluff

His first impulse was to drop flat, but he realized that the action would be suspicious if seen and attract attention. He thought then of changing his course so that they should have passed by well before he reached the road. That again could arouse suspicion. The third course would be to bluff it out—to tramp on unconscious of anything so commonplace as a lorry on a road. He knew at once that this was the only thing to do.

It was quite impossible to regulate his own walking speed in relation to that of the lorry so that he could be certain of their not meeting. The contours of the ground hid the vehicle momentarily and it was clear the road took sudden turns. He decided to cross, if possible, ahead of the truck. But the lorry was carrying on fast with an open road ahead.

Without looking to either side, he crossed the road. He could hear the lorry roaring and clattering along on his left as he reached the grass verge and made his way resolutely up the slope that led to the next ridge. At every pace he expected to hear a challenge, but the sound of the lorry's progress continued. He was already a good thirty yards on the western side of the road before the sound suddenly stopped.

It stopped to the accompaniment of screeching brakes and a bellowing voice. Embry turned in his tracks and stood stock still. There were five of them. One steel-helmeted, the others in forage caps; four German troopers with an *unter-offizier* in charge. The latter carried a tommy gun, the others had unslung rifles.

They came up the slope at a brisk pace, their weapons at the ready.

"Who are you?" The *unter-offizier's* French was only just adequate.

"You Are An English Soldier"

The German was on a level with him now. He was a tall young man, weedy rather than thin, and like his companions burnt deeply brown with the sun. The rest of the party were the same type—lean, aggressive and very truculent.

"Who are you?"

"*Je suis Belge*," said Embry.

"That is a lie. You are an English soldier."

He was not expecting to be kicked. The *unter-offizier's* toecap caught him on the thigh. The blow was too low for his groin but it sent him staggering. One of the Germans gave a sudden laugh. A strange sound, beginning and ending in an instant, bestial, maniacal. A blow from a rifle-butt across his shoulders sent him spinning towards his interrogators once more. The *unter-offizier* seized him by the lapel of his ragged coat.

"You are an English soldier in disguise."

"No," said Embry. "I am a Belgian." He thought to himself: I must keep my temper. Whatever they do, unless they intend to finish me right off, I must put up with it. I've got to play the part I've chosen.

"Where are your identification papers?"

"I lost them on the way."

They shouted with laughter at that, and one

of them brought the heel of a rifle-butt smartly into Embry's ribs. For several seconds he could scarcely see for the nausea from the pain. Then he knew they were searching his pockets. They tore the neck of his flannelette nightshirt and tugged at the belt of his trousers. They found the pocket knife and the spoon and fork which he had taken from the French farm and threw them away, though for a reason never to be known they left his watch. As they searched and pulled him this way and pommelled him that way, as if he were a rag doll torn by puppies, they gabbled in excited German like little dogs yapping.

The *unter-offizier* ordered his men aside and completed the search in an official manner, now that the lads had had their fun. "No papers. Nothing to identify yourself with. And you still say you are a Belgian?"

"Yes," said Embry stoutly.

"We'll soon find that out. But if you are English . . ." He drew his hand across his throat. "Now you come with us."

A kick on the flank helped Embry on his way. They reached the truck and he climbed in while they mounted guard over him, then they in turn clambered in and ranged themselves on either side of him while the driver took his seat. They drove off.

Stunned By The Turn Of Luck

His back was sore and his ribs aching, so that it was painful to breathe freely. He felt stunned and baffled by this preposterous turn of his luck. It wasn't as if he had walked into a trap. His captors could claim no credit for this prize. The merest mischance had thrown him into their clutches. A few hundred yards one way or the other across the downs or along the road, and he would still have been tramping over the grass and not crouched, bruised and beaten, on a wooden seat in a jolting truck filled with vicious young enemies.

They had turned from the main road by now and taken a second road leading to a small bridge hitherto concealed by a high shoulder of the downlands. Embry could see, as they ran down the incline, the slate-grey roofs of the houses among the shrill green of the trees in their early summer foliage. Then they were driving through a gateway opening into a farmyard.

There was a hayrick in the far corner and a large manure heap in the centre of the stable yard. There were buildings on either side and the farmhouse stood on the right. It was a bleak, drab little place with the paint of the front door peeling and blistered. They all leaped out and Embry followed them.

Because his ribs and back were sore from his thrashing, he got down slowly, so that the *unter-offizier* shouted at him again, while a trooper flung open the front door. Someone struck him again as he went in and he stumbled, but they pushed him down a corridor on the ground floor. There was a room at the far end on the left and they thrust him in, slamming the door on him.

He sat down in the far corner opposite the door, with his back to the wall. The long night marches through the crops, the rivers he had swum, the swamp he had plunged into and struggled through, the starvation and the thirst, all had led only to this.

Was This To Be The End?

An hour passed. Now and again he heard German voices and footsteps outside. He made no attempt to try the door or to unfasten the sash of the one window. Any attempt to escape by that means would be not only too obvious but would prove the falsity of any story he might contrive. He was as certain it was the end as he had ever been about anything. They did not believe his story. He had no means of supporting it. They had only to get an interpreter to interrogate him and his deception was revealed. They would not keep him here after dark because the room was insufficiently secure.



Sir Basil revisits the farmyard at Dargnies.

Even if he continued to convince them he was a Belgian, they still would have to deal with him. Therefore before dark they would have to make up their minds what to do. He had no illusions on that point.

They were going to shoot him. This was to be the dirty, disgraceful end, bullied and beaten and shot to death by little German corner boys. With that thought his brain became clear and he knew what he would do.

He went across the room and kicked the door. He kicked it three times, savagely, viciously. The sound of the kicking went down the corridor, filled the house. Then he shouted and ran back to the corner opposite the door and crouched down. He heard approaching footsteps and let his head sag forward as in exhaustion and his arms lie limp at his side. Then the door opened.

He saw that the young German who entered was about the same height as himself but probably a stone lighter, a clean-shaven, pimply-faced young man of about twenty-two, unsavoury, unremarkable. His rifle was slung over his shoulder and his lower lip protruded moistly. He advanced to the middle of the room, his hand ready on the rifle sling. Embry touched his own lips with his left hand, gestured as if raising a cup with his right. "Thirsty," he said in French.

The German shrugged his shoulders and strode out of the room. Embry rose to his feet. He leaned against the corner, half huddled there, to all appearances a broken figure, lamed and suffering. He could hear the faint sound of a pump being used in the yard outside. The room was stiflingly hot with the heat of the afternoon sun: but it was not only the heat that made the perspiration run down Embry's face and trickle to the corner of his mouth. The door opened again and the young German soldier reappeared.



It was here that he "operated" on his own leg

He held a cup half full of water in one hand; the other was still on the sling of his rifle. He advanced casually, a look of curiosity on his face as if he were inspecting some caged animal. He held out the cup.

Embry hit him. He hit him with all his strength and skill, and the timing was perfect. His knuckles met the German's jaw with a click and the German's head went back and his legs gave way. Embry kicked him in the stomach before he reached the floor, and when he was down he kicked him again. He could have torn the fellow's throat out even if he were dead, because he was berserk mad. He snatched up the man's rifle from the floor where it had fallen and made for the door.

He ran out into the corridor and at the far end he saw a second German on guard just inside the threshold of the front door. He was wearing his forage cap, leaning on his rifle with his back to Embry, who was down the passage before he could turn. He lifted the rifle he had seized, swiftly reversed it and brought the shodden heel of the butt down with a terrible blow to the crown of the sentry's head. The man went slithering to the doorstep till he collapsed in a heap with his head at a ludicrous angle on his shoulder. Embry leaped over him and sprang into the yard. He heard the clinking of buckets and the sound of somebody whistling a musical comedy sort of air. The sound came from his left. Then a third German in shirt-sleeves, carrying a bucket of water in each hand, rounded the corner of the house. Embry leapt at him.

The whistle died on the German's parted lips; even as he struck, Embry could have laughed at the look of astonishment and pained bewilderment on the other's face. But the brass-plated rifle-butt, swung at arm's length, took

the German on his left temple, and he and the buckets went sprawling. And Embry thought: Crikey! But I'm building up a score!

He looked around him wildly. No one was watching from any of the windows. There was no one, it seemed, in the small barn and out-buildings. No one came running and shouting. No one fired a shot. He made up his mind at once. He would hide on the spot. Somewhere not very far away he thought he heard the sound of a car. He flung the rifle away, ran four paces and dived head first into the manure heap in the middle of the yard.

It was a large manure heap, some forty feet across. The weeks of fine, warm weather had dried the dung and straw so that he managed to burrow his way down easily, clawing out the manure in great handfuls till he lay at the bottom of the heap. As he had burrowed down, so the straw had fallen into the cavity he had made, covering and concealing him. He felt that, provided no one had seen him make the initial plunge into this malodorous sanctuary, he would be completely safe till nightfall.

The Hours Drag Slowly By

He lay listening but there was no sound of human movement from the yard beyond. It was hot and steaming at the bottom of the dung pit but he lay utterly still, not daring to shift his position. So the long afternoon and evening passed, the hours dragging slowly by. Once or twice he thought he heard the rumbling of transport along the adjacent road but the sound died as quickly as it had come and all that remained was the buzzing and murmuring of innumerable insects busy among the heap over his head.

It was just after eleven o'clock that night that he crept out of his hiding place. He extricated himself with the utmost caution, moving only a foot at a time until his head and shoulders were clear. The stars were out in a clear sky. He could see the unlit farm buildings across the yard and peered anxiously through the darkness to see if the body of the third German had been removed, but he could distinguish nothing.

He was clear of the heap within minutes and crawled on all fours as close to the ground as he could away from the buildings. His progress was slow, but at last he found a taut length of wire barring his passage and knew he had met a boundary fence. He pressed his way through, only once pausing as a strand of wire beneath him flew back into position with a reverberating twang that sounded to him like the booming of a cello.

Westwards By The North Star

On all fours he continued for two hundred yards, and with every yard forward his spirits rose. He got to his feet and looked about him. The stars were still bright and clearly visible. He picked out his old and faithful ally, the North Star, took his bearings and strode away to the west.

Well before dawn he reached the village of Huppy. He could tell almost at once by its air of quiet solitude that it was deserted. Boldly he walked forward, well satisfied with the ten miles of downland he had left behind him, and desperate for food.

He tried two houses without any success. He would, he knew, have to deal with this question of hunger very shortly, or all the good fortune which had now swung in his favour would be lost. Also he must rest. He entered a larger house farther down the street.

In the living-room he found, as he had expected, letters and cards giving him his position, and in a corner of the kitchen a large earthenware crock. He raised the lid, peeped in, sniffed. His nose indicated a possible find. The smell was very faintly rancid but not overpowering. He put his hand in and extracted a cold and greasy lump. He took it to the doorway and under the starlight saw that it was a piece of very fat pork. He nibbled at it and, though it was very salt and unpalatable, his

stomach cried out for more. He took another mouthful, laid the precious remains on the table and went in search of more food. His luck was holding.

In an outhouse adjoining the scullery there was cider. There were three great tuns and each was broached and tapped. He sampled a mouthful or two, catching the liquor in a cupped hand. It was strong and clean to the palate. He looked round for a bottle and to his delight discovered two on a window-ledge behind him. He filled them, collected his piece of pork from the kitchen and left by the back door as dawn was breaking.

There was a meadow behind the house with an unthatched haystack in the far corner. He walked light-heartedly towards it. Although it was a struggle to reach the top of the rick and though he had to delay his meal till he had removed all traces of his footholds on its sides, in a little while he was securely ensconced in the hay couch he had made for himself.

On the following night he left Huppy, having decided not to walk by day. He left at the usual time, striking off again westerly, finding to his satisfaction that the country was still open. Obstructed no longer by high crops and woods, he made, with the short grass of the downlands beneath him, the excellent progress of twelve miles, and just before dawn on June 11 he entered the outskirts of Dargnies.

Doing The Cows A Good Turn

He took an immediate fancy to the farm with the Dutch barn which confronted him. The straw and hay were stacked high beneath the corrugated-iron roof and two cows roamed in the yard. Moreover, judging by their lowing and the tension of their strained udders, they were unmilked. Then he saw the nesting boxes ranged round one side of the spacious yard. Several of the nests contained eggs, and he collected more than half a dozen, which he carried into a dairy adjoining the farmhouse. Between a separator and a churn in the centre of the room stood several buckets, scoured and bright. He picked two of them up and returned to the yard. This was an occasion to do things in a big way.

He had no difficulty in milking the cows. It was, he felt, eminently satisfying to do both himself and the cows a good turn. In a little while he had nearly half a bucketful. He returned to the dairy. He chose an enamel dipper from the row of vessels, broke six eggs into it and poured in a pint of milk, still warm and frothy. It was a drink fit for a giant. Then he went into the house.

The sun was now well up, but so greatly was his confidence renewed that he felt he could afford to be bold and take his leisure. He filled his pockets with spoons and knives and forks. He discovered another map, and, what was to prove more useful, a penknife. Then he went into the garden and picked some strawberries and lettuce, chose a ladder from several propped up against the stanchions of the Dutch barn and climbed aloft.

His Leg Was Turning Septic

It was excellent accommodation. The hay was dry and sweet and there were several sacks piled in the centre. He took down his trousers and examined his leg. Maman Paul's bandage was now a thing of the past. His leg was very swollen, and all around the small wound the flesh was purplish and inflamed, the skin tight-stretched and glistening over a swelling. He realized that the limb was becoming septic and if left untreated might develop septicaemia or gangrene. He knew no more of practical first-aid or elementary medicine than any other man brought up and trained in his particular Service, but common sense told him that a mere flesh wound would not produce a state as serious as this. He took the penknife from his pocket and opened it.

It appeared to be a comparatively new knife,

Walsall, Staffs

Dear Sirs,

So many people have remarked on the condition of my teeth that I felt I must 'give credit where credit is due'!

I have used Macleans for years and my teeth are lovely and white. I wouldn't use any other tooth paste.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) E. S. (Mrs.)

Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?



Yes,
"my teeth are
lovely and
white."

MACLEANS

Peroxide Tooth Paste
makes teeth

WHITER



its blade bright and clean, its edge and point sharp. He tried it with his thumb. It seemed adequate for the occasion. He held it firmly between two fingers and deliberately cut a quarter-inch incision over the swelling.

The pus spurted out, yellow and noisome, and the glistening, tight lump of the swelling became flaccid. He waited several seconds as blood trickled down to his knee and then he squeezed the wound gently till it was rid of its purulence, washing it clean with water from the bucket which he had carried up with him. Then he saw the cause of the trouble.

There were two specks of Perspex embedded in the flesh. He could see them clearly as he trickled water over the place; he recognized them at once, remembering the near miss that had smashed the side window of his plane.

He stayed in his bunk of hay for twenty-four hours, scarcely moving except to take a drink or break an egg and eat it. His leg still hurt very badly but the swelling in his groin seemed to have subsided a little; the thought that the cause of the trouble had been removed was a consolation.

After he had descended from the barn the next morning and milked the two cows, he set about collecting what food might remain, to furnish a reserve. He made a tour of the nesting boxes and collected thirty eggs. He carried them cautiously to the dairy and placed them on a shelf, taking a pride in arranging them in straight rows.

With the idea of discovering something in which to carry his possessions, a bag or a cloth or a pillow-slip, he returned to the house. He found nothing suitable downstairs so went above, choosing a room overlooking the main street. While he stood by the window, interested in viewing the village by daylight, two men came striding down the street.

They were tall and young, with sticks across their shoulders, carrying bundles of their belongings. They walked erect and with a swinging gait, two carefree, well-set-up youngsters; he was sure

they were British soldiers disguised as French peasants. They were past him before he could hail them, swinging by the front of the house and down the main street at a steady pace.

He ran downstairs and out of the house at once, determined to overtake them, if only to warn them of that soldierly way of walking of theirs, which was bound to betray them. He was almost on the point of breaking into a run, being not more than twenty-five yards behind them, when a German patrol appeared out of a side turning.

So swiftly was he moving, so intent on his purpose, that he almost stumbled into the two young men with their sticks and bundles. The German patrol—an *unter-offizier* and three men—had halted the young men. Embry side-stepped to move past the group, but as he was passing there came the familiar guttural shout for him to halt. He turned and faced them.

"Come, We Want You, Too"

The two young men were already moving off under an escort of two Germans. The *unter-offizier* and one trooper stood before Embry, and the former looked him up and down before he rapped: "We want you, too. Come along."

Embry wondered for one desperate moment if he could succeed in dashing up the side street and dodging among the lanes till he reached open country again, but the *unter-offizier's* hand was on the belt where his holster was strapped, so Embry shrugged his shoulders; without another word they led him away. There was an empty feeling in the pit of his stomach.

Fifty yards farther down the street they turned into a house on the right. There was a notice-board in the passage and printed papers hanging in a clip from a nail. Here, clearly, was German local headquarters. He passed through a door on the left and was at once before the German intelligence officer.

The room was almost bare, with a table along one wall and another running across the window overlooking the street. The intelligence officer and an *unter-offizier* sat at the first, a clerk sat at the other.

"Your identification papers, please." The intelligence officer's French was good. The two young men searched in their pockets, produced their identity forms and handed them across. The intelligence officer and his companion pored over them. Embry stood aside and knew that he had only a few brief seconds to evolve a plan before his own turn came.

He Plans To Tell The Truth

The German officer was talking, snapping out his questions; in French equally as good the young men were answering back confidently and accurately. And Embry thought: the seconds are passing and I haven't got a plan. For God's sake let me have a plan. He thought again: I can't be a Frenchman now, for my tongue will betray me at once. I can't be a Belgian because the Germans will be looking for the "Belgian" who attacked and perhaps killed three of their soldiers. What the hell can I be?

The seconds passed and the intelligence officer handed the identity cards back to the two young Frenchmen. Embry thought: I've got it now. They spoke the truth. So will I. I'll be myself. I'll be an Irishman.

"Very well. You may go." The intelligence officer raised his head in Embry's direction. He was a thin, handsome fellow of about twenty-five; cool, cultured, correct in his manner. "Your identity papers, please," he said in French.

NEXT WEEK: Embry spends an unusual night—in the lap of luxury

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Sauce for both

AN eminent member of the House of Lords once referred to "the glorious incapacity for clear thought which is one of the distinguishing marks of our race."

Now, what is there to be proud of in that—even if it were true?

Muddled thinking is no one's inevitable fate: nor is clear thinking anyone's birthright. We can drift into the habit of one as easily as we can learn to acquire the other. And on which we choose depends entirely whether our actions are practical or bungled.

Muddled thinking can be avoided by refusing to let prejudice, personalities and undue emotion distort thought. And you should never be afraid to ask for the evidence on which beliefs—particularly your own—are based. No mind works well in blinkers.

Perhaps the most valuable thing to realize is that sauce for the goose is nearly always sauce for the gander!

by ROFFE THOMPSON



Crane was standing in the corridor. He said: "What news? I didn't dare come in." McAlister said: "She's sleeping. Temperature is still up"

THE SCARLET SWORD

The Mission could take no more punishment. Everyone had reached

the end. For Crane the future was with Julie

by H. E. BATES

THE LAST THING JULIE MAXTED remembered, as she ran desperately for shelter, was Colonel Mathieson shouting: "Get down, Julie! For heaven's sake, get down!" And then the obliterating roar of the Spitfires drowned everything else.

Crane, who had rushed out of the Mission a few minutes after the raid by Indian Air Force planes, found Mathieson dead. Of Julie, at first, he could see nothing.

For Mathieson, death had been a release. Since his wife (and Julie's mother, Mrs. Maxted, and the Mother Superior and several others) had been murdered that night when Pathans had first stormed the Mission, he had been living in a daze. The last day or so, his mind seemed to have gone, and he sat outside the Mission all the time, cleaning a rifle he had found.

The Mission itself, crowded with refugees from the fighting between Indian forces and the Pathans who had taken over the building, had

now reached a mood of hysteria. Father Simpson, the younger of two English priests, his face scarred after being beaten up by Pathans, was a disillusioned man. He had believed a dying Pathan officer's promise to evacuate the refugees.

Crane, the journalist, and Nurse McAlister, a sharp-tongued Glasgow girl, had no faith in the promise, and organized air-raid drill. Attacks by Indian Air Force planes were growing more frequent. Now, with the raid which killed Colonel Mathieson, they seemed to have got the range.

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Last Day

NIGHT crept past McAlister, sitting by Julie Maxted's bed, on small waves of sound. The discreet coughing of the elderly German nun was like the dry half-sneeze of a little dog as it came over restless lines of sleepers from

the other end of the ward; she could hear the Meran woman feeding her baby, talking to it somewhere on the darkened floor. Now and then a truck went down the hill.

Julie Maxted had been put into a bed in the corner of the ward by the corridor door: the bed shut away from the rest of the ward by a small cane screen. Lying propped up, for easier breathing, in a half coma, the girl fought to breathe with dry irregular gasps that were like echoes of the coughings of the German nun. Through the previous day, after Doctor Baretta had extracted splinters of cannon shell from her groin, her temperature had floated up to 105 and then down a little and then up again, and McAlister had tried to comfort Crane with a kind of cheerful dirge: "She'll be all right once we get the damn thing down. We've got to get the damn thing down."

All the time Crane had roamed in agonies of

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

self-reproach about the corridor and then in sudden frenzied bursts of escape into the dusty square at the back of the building, smoking cigarettes in fierce remorseless chains, staring about him with eyes smoke sore and colourless from fatigue.

McAlister had spent most of the night thinking of Crane. She had never felt the same since the moment of disturbing intimacy about the cigarette. For two years she had been trying to put the world of Glasgow and the world of Burma and its jungles and jungle fever and dust and heat behind her; she was trying hard to calm and straighten life after her breakdown. Then suddenly a man like Crane, offering a cigarette, making her take it, getting under her skin, had begun to break it to pieces again.

The moment when she had rushed across the terrace, with her gown nearly torn away, after she had struck the Pathan with the rock, was another moment she could not forget. If it had been the colonel or Father Simpson or anyone else who had caught her in that moment of half-naked hysteria it wouldn't have mattered any more than it did when she gave a man a bed-bath or brought him a bottle. She had seen men and had been caught by men in every kind of situation, horrible or comic or embarrassing, all over Burma; but there had never been a situation like that. She could feel Crane's hands on her, covering her over; she felt she would feel them till the end of time.

SHE had fallen half asleep and now she roused herself instinctively, looking at her watch. It was half-past four. She looked at Julie Maxted. The yellow, sweat-brightened face was quivering, convulsed by the difficult struggle to breathe. McAlister stood for a moment over the bed, watching the unreflecting slits of the half-open eyes, until at last she was stricken by a thought so simple and so awful that she sat down. The whole notion was so direct that now, in its stark simplicity, it frightened her.

She thought of Julie Maxted dying there on the bed.

She began trembling violently: she was taken higher and more coldly away in thought. Queer that Miss Maxted was going to England, that she wanted to go. Queer that she herself had no more longing to go home at all. Now, when she could have been time-expired simply of her own accord, the need was no longer there. She never wanted to see Glasgow again: the awful little tenement bedroom, her father roaring home on Saturday nights, the reek of whisky and smoke and rat-holes and fish-and-chips. She was never going home; perhaps she had never been meant to go home.

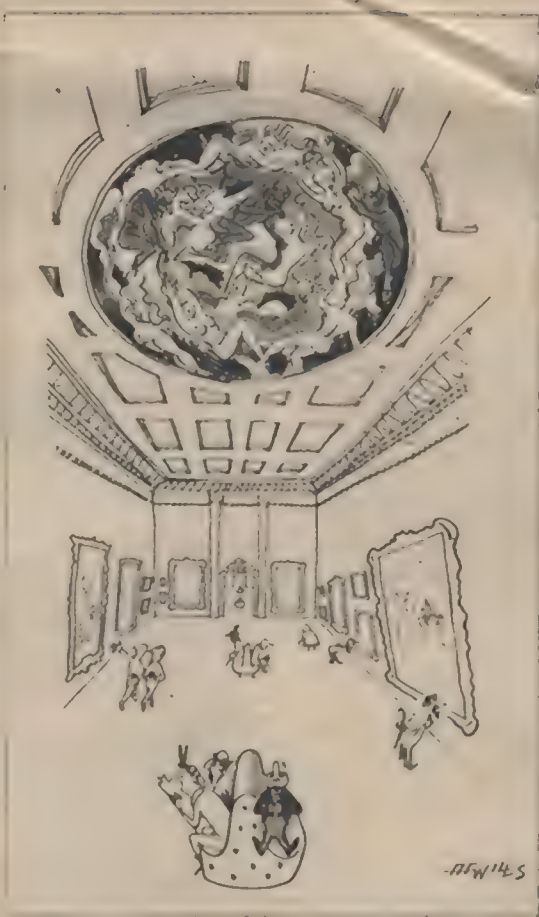
She began trembling more violently and now there was no way of stopping it except by stopping her thought. She got up from the chair and reached under the bed for the chart. She took the thermometer from the sterilizing solution in the bowl and slipped it under Julie Maxted's arm.

The temperature was slightly below 105. She put the thermometer back in its bowl. In a dazed way she went to fetch the German nun from along the ward and then half-way there she saw that the nun had fallen asleep with her chin on her chest.

Opposite her, on the floor, half-lying, half-sitting, Kaushalya watched McAlister come down the ward.

McAlister stood in the centre of the ward trying desperately to expel the thought from her mind. Its persistence had something of the irritating creepiness of the antennae of a worrying insect. Its refusal to disperse angered her so much that she felt infuriated with Kaushalya. She sometimes got the impression that the Hindu girl had not moved or slept or undressed or spoken since the first day she had arrived. It was high time she did something for the privilege of living, she thought, and she pointed suddenly and savagely to Julie Maxted's bed. Kaushalya got slowly to her feet as McAlister moved away.

Anger against another person calmed her a



little as she went out into the corridor. She could not quite control the trembling of her hands. She thrust them into her overall pockets grimly after she had closed the door of the ward. But she could not keep still. She went back in the ward, past Julie Maxted's bed, and opened the opposite door.

Crane was standing in the corridor, smoking. The wall light burned by the washroom door and Father Simpson, rolled up in his habit and a blanket, was asleep beyond it.

"Hallo," she said. She spoke in a whisper and Crane pulled desperately at the cigarette before saying: "What news? I didn't dare come in."

"All well," she said. "About the same."

"What about the temperature?"

"Still up."

"Can't we do something?"

"She's having a wee sleep. It's an awful shame to wake her."

He threw down the cigarette and stamped on it; in two seconds he was lighting another.

THE moment of finding Julie in the garden, thirty yards from the dead colonel, had never ceased to recur with monstrous, brutal vividness. For Crane there seemed no way of forgetting it. It had become an affair of spectral and ghoully brightness, haunting him; his grief for the colonel spawned in ghastly creeping fears.

"Don't fret yourself so," McAlister said. "It's early yet—she'll be all right."

For some moments he did not answer; he pulled savagely at the cigarette. She heard another lorry start, the engine roaring before it went down the hill. She looked at him with hungry despair; she was miserable because she could not help him and was glad when he spoke at last.

"What time is it?" he said.

"Going uphill for five." She did not need to look at her watch. She stood hungrily transfixed, staring at him.

"Daylight soon. The trucks are moving already."

"Daylight, daylight—I'm not sure it's not worse." He became aware of her hungry transfixation, misunderstanding it.

"Have a cigarette."

"No," she said. "No thank you."

"It'll do you good—no harm—keep me company."

She answered quickly, before he had finished

speaking: "No. It isn't that. It's just—"

"Oh! I forgot. You're on trial," he said.

"What a trial, too." She smiled. He seemed to shiver. "Let me get you a hot drink," she said.

Outside, on the terrace, a lorry started up and moved away.

"No. I don't need anything." He smoked savagely. She longed to do something for him, to put his coat across his shoulders, to fetch a drink, to translate her own problems into physical terms through which the pain of them would be lost. For some moments she tried desperately to think of ways through which she could express these things. He stared at the opposite wall.

She grasped slowly the fact that he was almost unaware of her; she might have been Sister Courbet or Carlotta or simply one of the cropped Europeanized Indian women standing there; she was simply something neutral and anonymous in a white dress. All contact between them had been cut. What she said to him now seemed simply to travel on dark, dead wires, evoking no responses. She wanted terribly to ask him, outright: "What will you do when it's over? Where will you go?" She was anxious to shock him into some sort of answer, but the words seemed to become skeined on the edge of her lips.

And where would he go? She found herself comforted once again with the thought that Julie Maxted, by dying, could supply the answer. But now it did not seem so simple. She felt herself faced instead by new complexities. Her nerves were beginning to go to pieces. The breakdown that had been so nearly forgotten was beginning a sort of new and ghoully stalking at the back of her mind.

On trial, Crane had said. Trial? By what right in the name of God Almighty had she to talk of trial? She felt stung to the verge of tears. Sister Teresalina, Father Simpson, Colonel Mathieson, Julie, Dr. Baretta, Crane—she felt belittled by the extent and enormity of their separate suffering.

McALISTER was driven so far to the edge of self-hatred by these things that it did not occur to her that Crane, pulling savagely at a third cigarette, was lost in the same blinding, repellent thought. She was so near the edge of something uncontrollable that she said: "I think I will have a cigarette—please—may I?"

With shocking directness he answered about something quite different: "Go and look at her again—I've an awful feeling. Go and look at her."

She was glad to go. She found relief, for the next few moments, in trained automatic behaviour. Kaushalya sat on the floor, beside Julie Maxted's bed, staring darkly. Daylight was beginning to colour, with faint blue-grey, the cracks along the edges of the blackout curtains at the windows. A few Indian women were sitting up; the ward was beginning to stir.

She put the thermometer under Julie Maxted's arm and waited, looking at her watch. Calmer now, she took the pulse at the same time and then efficiently, not trembling, made the morning record on the chart with her fountain pen. The pulse had deteriorated a little; the temperature had not come down.

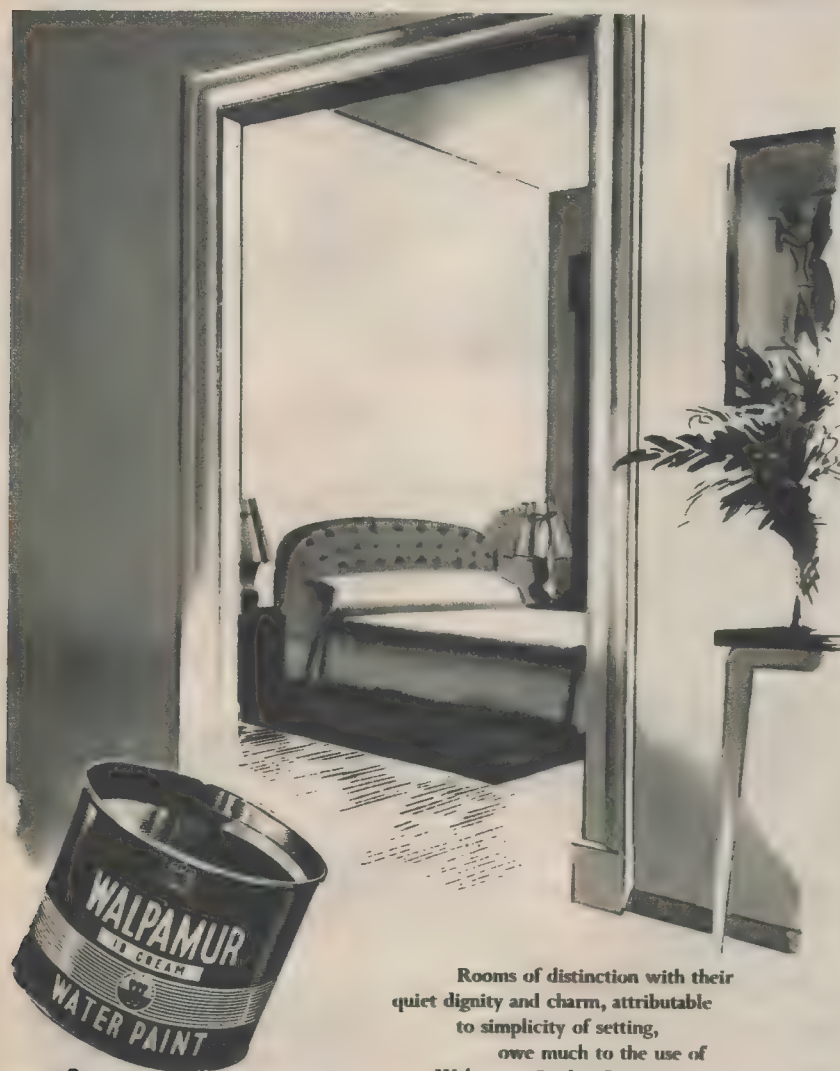
Going out into the corridor, pulling herself together by a great effort so that now, momentarily at least, she felt more calm and free, she saw to her astonishment that Crane was no longer there. Father Simpson stood by the small wall-light, turning up the wick, revealing the air thick with cigarette smoke, the floor piled with ant-like ends where Crane had spent the night.

"Mr. Crane—where is he?"

"He went out. He fell over me," the priest said. "He woke me up. It will do him good—the air. I'm glad he woke me. It will give me a chance to see the officers before they go."

"Trucks have been moving off for the last hour," she said.

"I shall catch them." He had slept in his



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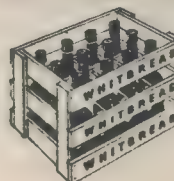
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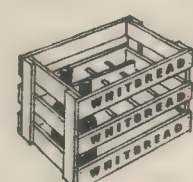
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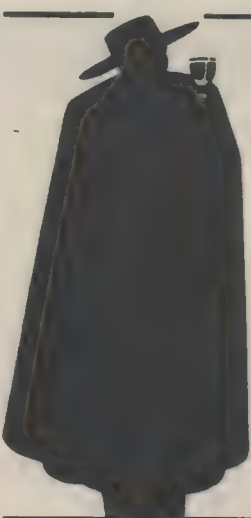
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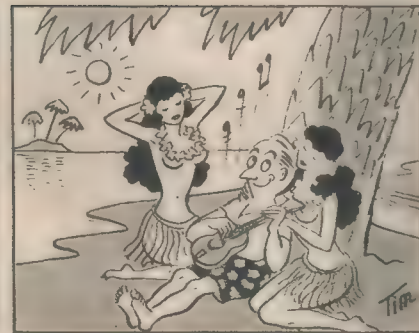
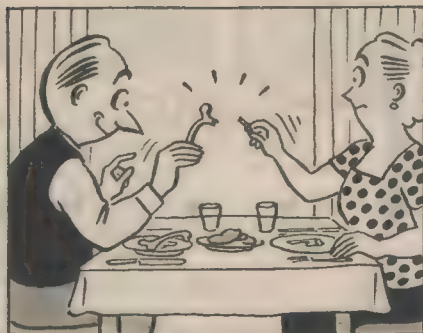
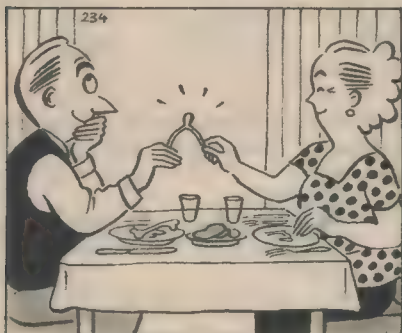
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OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



shirt and trousers and now looked more than ever truculent and unpriestlike as he went into the washroom to wash his hands. She turned to go away but he did not shut the door, saying instead: "You look tired."

"Night nurses are never tired," she said. "If they were, they wouldn't be night nurses."

He came out of the washroom, drying his hands. "What day is it?"

"I don't know."

"It may be Tuesday." Light was beginning to show rose-grey on the small square of window. He finished with tender touches the drying of his bruised face. "I am going to say Mass. Will you tell Father Anstey that?"

"Yes, Father."

"Tell him we will have it at six. Tell him I will be ready as soon as I have spoken with the officers again."

She had not time to answer before he went quickly out of the room.

Less than a minute later he was back in the smaller ward. "All the officers have gone—there are no officers there—only two half-witted cooks and a wounded man."

He went straight on, furiously, into the kitchen. Father Anstey was getting up.

"Father," he said, "there are no officers left. I missed them. I was awake very early and it was my intention . . . and now they've already gone. It's infuriating and discouraging. It's monstrous that we should have to face another day—"

"Gently," Father Anstey said. "Gently."

"There is no gentleness left in me."

"You sent a message about Mass."

"There is so much absolute fury in my heart that I feel I cannot do even that."

"You'd better have some cocoa," Father Anstey said. "You can't have these raging furies on an empty stomach. You'll have chronic indigestion. Sit down."

"No, Father, no. I can't sit down." He stood, overwrought, trembling.

"We will have a little service for everyone after breakfast, instead," Father Anstey said.

Father Simpson held his face in his hands, speaking convulsively, shuddering. "I can't bear this suffering—I can't bear it. Mr. Crane raging with himself like a madman. Miss Maxted so ill. The nuns getting no sleep at all. Colonel Mathieson—"

"We will have a little service," the elder priest said. His Yorkshire staunchness, unvaried, never weakening, had kept him singularly free from excitement and self-reproaches. "A little service and a little cocoa."

THE cocoa was ready, in an enamel saucepan, on the stove, where nuns had made it overnight. Father Anstey poured some of it out into two mugs, giving one to Father Simpson, folding the other in his two hands, blowing on it slowly. The blue eyes were brightly dilated; weary but calm.

Machine gun fire broke out with fresh violence down the hillside. In spite of it, Father Simpson felt calmer. The cocoa was like a bromide, repressing his outraged nerves. He took another drink of it and was about to remark, catching sight of shoals of pink cloud sailing gently past the window, that the day was very beautiful, when suddenly there was shouting from

the smaller ward, followed by stifled screams.

"Something is wrong." He put the mug on the stove, all his agitation renewed. "I've had the most terribly uneasy feeling all the time. . . ." He went out through the door.

Father Anstey put his own mug on the stove. He had hardly moved, turning to the door, before Father Simpson was back again, in stuttering outrage.

"The two Pathan cooks have been in, looking for women. They have taken Kaushalya, the girl, the dancer." He swung out his arms like a man struggling to steady himself in the act of overbalancing and then turned to rush out.

"Where are you going?" Father Anstey said.

"Begin the service, begin the service," the priest said. "I'll be back. I am going after them."

"Father! Father Simpson! You can't afford to run these risks. . . ."

"Begin the service. It will calm the others. It will help everyone."

HE strode out through the smaller ward and down the corridor and into the central ward. He walked blindly, borne on waves of resurgent courage which took him as far as the end of the empty ward. There, without the slightest warning, they gave out, leaving him stranded abruptly by the window. He stood helplessly looking out; the terrace was empty; he could hear bursts of firing down the hill. He thought of Crane. Where was Crane? He longed for the reassuring guidance and common sense of people like the colonel and Crane. He was helpless; this was the end.

He walked back along the terrace. The red cross of dyed blanket was a distorted mess, dusty, half blown away. Where would they take Kaushalya? What could he do if he discovered where they had taken her? Rape and murder—it had all begun again. There was no stopping it; there was no end. They would kill her as naturally and lightly as the boy had stolen cigarettes from the front; it was simply part of the game, part of the fun. Bitterly he thought of the colonel, dead and released from such bitterness—part of the etiquette.

It took him five or ten minutes to search the second and third of the lower terraces. Under the exertion he came back up the steps in a sweat. He decided to find Crane. Firing had gone on almost continuously, in determined bursts, at the foot of the hill.

And then, suddenly, he saw Kaushalya coming in through the archway of the outer gate. He had never thought of that. He was struck, too, by the fact that she looked extraordinarily small, like a brown and scarlet doll. She had lost, he saw at once, that look of neat and contemptible calm; she had stopped looking like a sleepy brown chrysalis, bored or only half awake. She was walking very slowly, her head held so low down that the face was unrevealed; she seemed to be watching the scarlet toes of her feet pricking the dust below the sari.

He went towards her, and when he came to her there was nothing he could say. She did not stop walking. A partition—of race, of circumstance, of sex, of everything—seemed to rise at once between them. It became an impassable division that he felt he could never break. It had the effect of afflicting him with great shyness. He fumbled for a few words of Hindi, but in the next moment gave it

up, resigning himself simply to walking with her, not even looking at her lowered face for any sort of sign of what had happened.

He was glad, when they reached the windows of the central ward, to hear the first bars of a chant inside. He opened the door and they went in together. He shut the door and stood beside her, with his back against it.

The service had begun and he closed his eyes, crossing himself. He emerged out of momentary darkness to look at Father Anstey, clothed in vestments of crimson that were simply dyed surgical bandages, presiding over the kitchen table on which the altar cloth was a blanket. He saw the elder priest smile. All the nuns, with McAlister and some of the Indian women, were kneeling down. He heard more firing down the hill, but it seemed farther away now, and he did not notice it much. He felt dazed and happy. It was all over and they were together with God; it was wonderfully quiet except for the chant of Father Anstey's voice and the responses and, far away, the noise of a truck coming up the hill.

After some moments he turned and saw Kaushalya's tears falling down on her hands. He was distressed and did not know what to do. It had always touched him terribly to see Indians weeping.

"Don't cry, my child." He knew that she did not understand; he knew that it did not matter. Simply and unhurriedly he reached down and held her fingers in his own. The barrier that had sprung up between them so solidly that he felt his legs trembling and turning to water from the pain of embarrassment now seemed to slide away. She did not look up. He felt her tears in a sense to be his own experience, cleansing him. He remembered how many misjudgments there had been on that first day of Crane's arrival; and now his own, out of them all, seemed more stupid and wicked than the rest.

He had lapsed into a sort of half dream, soothed by the chant of responses and the contact of the girl's hands and by his own extending happiness, and he did not notice that the truck had now reached and was turning into the terrace-end.

IT was a raising of voices outside on the terrace, immediately in front of the Mission, that finally disturbed him. At once his dream was broken; the extension of his happiness came bluntly to a stop. Deep inside himself he felt a spurt of fresh anger at the invasion of a precious territory, gained with such difficulty and at such cost. All the infuriating unreal condition of life was starting again, to provoke and madden him into being the person he did not want to be.

At the sound of voices Kaushalya had begun to cry more deeply, with small, scared sobs. He opened his mouth to comfort her. At the same moment, someone began banging on the door. In the second before rage made him turn to open it he saw a wave of half-turned faces among the Indian women kneeling on the floor.

Outside the door an officer in khaki drill, with a small black moustache and the crown of a major on his shoulder, began saying: "Are you the priest—?"

"Go away!" he said. "Leave us alone! Why don't you leave us alone? Will you go, please—"

"I am of the Indian Army," the officer said.

"What army? What army? What difference



"When two people . . ."



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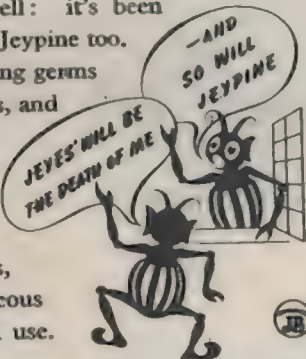


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does it make? We only want to be left alone—"

"I have come to fetch you, sir," the officer said.

The priest stood swaying on the edge of the terrace. He could not speak. The word "sir" brightened all his vision to such acuteness that he felt himself to be the victim of a curious illusory trick. The red cross that had lain and blown into a shapeless and meaningless mass on the terrace seemed suddenly to have sprung into air. It had stiffened and straightened, impinging itself on the side of a truck.

"It's all over," he said. He spoke woodenly; his thick lips could hardly form the words. He turned to see McAlister coming out of the ward. "It's all over," he said to her. "It's all over." He stood dazedly, bruised mouth open.

"I am a major of the Indian Army," the officer said. He saluted McAlister.

"Oh! For God and glory!" she said. "What have you got in the truck?"

"Medicines," the major said. "Medicines. Many kinds." He spoke with clipped and formal triumph. "Even penicillin if you wish—"

"Oh! For mercy's sake!" she said. She began running across the terrace, the priest calling after her: "Where are you going? It's all over—it's finished."

"Mr. Crane!" she said.

She ran up the side of the Mission and into the garden, across the path between the cabbages. Crane was not there. She found him half a minute later standing by the back door of the Mission, smoking, his feet surrounded by a circle of smashed white cigarette ends.

"There's a major," she said. "A truck—an Indian Army truck. Oh, God! I can't tell you—they have things with them, supplies, even penicillin—"

"No," he said. "No." He stared at her in dazed helplessness. "No. How did this—"

"Don't ask me." She began crying bitterly. "Don't ask me."

"I could kiss you," he said.

"Whatever you do, don't," she said. "Don't do that."

Words and tears began to choke her. She could not hold up her head. When she raised it some time later he had vanished completely.

Two mornings later, Miss Jordan and Miss Shanks came struggling up the hill: past burnt-out hovels and ruined trucks, past areas of scorched woodland where late leaves, blackly shrivelled, gave no covering for stark and abandoned bodies stiffened as tree-boughs on dusty roadsides. In a voice rather like the croak of an aged and cultured parrot, Miss Jordan called from some distance behind Miss Shanks: "Did you bring the strawberry?" And Miss Shanks, without turning, waved above her head a triumphant crimson jar of jam.

"And the shrimp?"

"And the shrimp."

"Father Simpson absolutely adores it. He spreads it like butter. I hope it kept. Did you remember—?"

"Absolutely everything has been thought of," Miss Shanks said. "Don't worry. Stop flapping."

"I do worry. I can't help worrying. It's been so awful, and I'm sure they're starving."

"They're not going to starve any longer."

"Wait," Miss Jordan said, like a child. "Wait. You always get so far ahead."

Miss Jordan, who never seemed to be able to catch up with Miss Shanks—Miss Shanks at the last moment

always got bored with waiting and went on—seemed to be constructed of bent and scraggy poles of bamboo. Like Miss Shanks she carried a basket of food. Her body was so tall and thin and fragile that it seemed not to be able to bear the weight of the basket or the weight of her head, on which she wore a rather large turn-down straw hat.

"It reminds me of that time we went on trek to Nanga Parbat," she said. The basket of food was quite heavy, and now and then she changed it from hand to hand, the flexible hoop of her body springily twisting.

"That was forty years ago."

"It was worth it though."

"This will be worth it when you see their faces."

By the edge of a clump of bamboo they saw a dead Kashmiri who had lain for a week in the sun. Miss Shanks, who wore gold pince-nez, looked past it with the wry indifference of a skinny monkey. She was very small and quite used to these things. Violence in all conceivable and hideous forms, combined with a fatalism and callousness as blatant as the sun, was something that in India had long since ceased to shock her. Perhaps the week as a whole had been a bit much, she thought—she had made a hurried visit that morning to that part of the village lying beyond the house-boats and had seen where the heads of Hindu babies had been smashed like so many little brown oranges against burnt walls—but she was not surprised.

During forty years in India she had become immunized to every kind of infection it had to offer; but she also loved it. She had resisted, with tart and charming stubbornness, staunchly supported by Miss Jordan, every kind of ruse to send her home. "Partition?" she said. "Partition? They may partition India but they won't partition us."

What had been happening at the Mission she didn't know. Confined to the house-boat, locked in behind pulled shutters, ignored through sheer luck, the two ladies had never had a syllable of news except what had been given by planes and cannon-shell and the noise of fire and fighting. For once the infallible grape-vine of Kashmiri rumour had been cut.

The business of relieving the garrison was quite unreal but it gave her, as she paused to catch her breath and look up again to the Mission, a rising sense of triumph. She and Miss Shanks had kept their heads high; disaster had not beaten them down.

"Can you manage, dear?" she called back to Miss Jordan, not turning round at all.

"Quite. Quite. Don't wait for me."

At this moment two Indian Army trucks, furiously driven, trailing comet-clouds of dust, came down the hill. Loaded with shrieking Indian women and children, evacuated and freed at last, they bore down on Miss Shanks and Miss Jordan with brakeless fury, pressing the two English women back into the scanty shelter of roadside scrub.

At the incredible sight of two truck-loads of shorn black heads, strangely Europeanized and yet still more intensely Asiatic, the black hair blown by the wind, the children scared or laughing, Miss Shanks and Miss Jordan had scarcely time to look before the trucks, blindly racing, horns blowing joyously, had disappeared in their cloud-race down the hill.

This crazy passage left them both quite speechless. For some moments they stood choking, spitting dust. Then Miss Jordan, grasping suddenly that the evacuation of the entire Mission

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might have begun, that the triumph and pleasure of their own arrival might now be swept away as ruthlessly as the trucks tearing down the hill, thrust out the curve of her long crane-like neck and sprang out into the road and was for the first time ahead of Miss Shanks by some yards.

"We shall miss them—we shall be too late—they are going away—"

"Don't flap, dear."

"Yes, but I've an awful feeling they are all being taken away—"

"Don't flap, dear. They were laughing."

"Very odd," Miss Jordan said. "They were."

Presently, but quite slowly in the still morning air, the dust ahead of them cleared, and twenty minutes later, after many pauses, Miss Shanks more than ever like a wizened and inexhaustible spectacled monkey, Miss Jordan behind her, springing with hoop-like jerks and pauses, they came to within sight of the gates of the Mission itself.

Miss Shanks yapped out a cracked exclamation of joy. "They are all right. Isn't that Father Simpson standing there?"

She stopped in the road, for a moment disconcerted, squinting through dusted spectacles. "Isn't he with someone—I can't quite see—"

MISS JORDAN had the better sight; her eyes had the beady brilliance of pigeon's eyes set deep into her angular head below the shadow of the hat.

"It's that awful girl," she said. "You remember we saw her hanging about—the dancer—the—"

"Say it, say it," Miss Shanks said. "I make no bones about it. Prostitute."

"Ought we to wait?" Something like strategic decorum seemed to be necessary. The triumph of relieving the garrison seemed abruptly threatened.

"I wait for no prostitute," Miss Shanks said.

"They are having the most enormous

laugh together," Miss Jordan said.

Impatient, Miss Shanks paused; it was an extraordinary thing, this laughing; she seemed about to bound off like a monkey refusing to be captured; but finally Miss Jordan caught up, and now the two women locked arms and went up the hill together.

"He is saying goodbye," Miss Jordan said. "That's what all the laughing must be about."

"I see her now," Miss Shanks said. "She is coming down."

Kaushalya, carrying her cheap fibre attaché case, began to come down the hill, more than ever like a doll of brown and scarlet, turquoise and orange: flamboyant and garish against the shantung and straw of the English ladies, now joined together in stiff advance against the sun. Thirty yards from Father Simpson she turned and waved her hand and Father Simpson waved in reply.

Miss Jordan and Miss Shanks continued to come stiffly up the hill, locked together, squinting at the sun. Almost level with them, Kaushalya turned once again and waved her hand. In a single moment of flashing teeth, of dripping scarlet nails, of shaken turquoise, much of Miss Jordan's triumph seemed to slip back down the hill. From the girl there was a last gay burst of laughter and an incredible single sing-ing word of English: "Goodbye!"

SOME moments later, Father Simpson became aware of the two women advancing. He appeared for a single second to be coming down the hill. And then Miss Jordan, the triumph slipping still further away, said: "Now there is someone else. Sister Carlotta, I think, the Italian one. And a man, too."

But only a few moments later, at the gates, the priest came forward to meet them. In a moment of great shock Miss Jordan wanted to run back from a face she did not know: hideously bruised, ghoulishly discoloured, almost unrecognizable and yet full of joy. It did not seem at all the moment to shout: "We have brought you the shrimp—some strawberry—!"

"How wonderful!" he said. "How marvellous to see you!"

They felt there was nothing to say. Beyond the priest, Crane and Carlotta were talking together. In her high, reedy voice the little Italian nun was saying: "I have been so happy. My throat is quite sore from so much singing—but otherwise I have been so happy."

It was impossible for the English ladies to understand these things. From the Mission across the terrace, they saw two other women, Sister Courbet and McAlister, coming towards the gates, and Miss Jordan, grasping the basket that now seemed so stupid, said: "You're so busy, Father—so many people. We brought you a few things—"

"How kind—how wonderful!" he said. "It's so wonderful to see you. Will you go in? Sister Carlotta will take you in. Father Anstey will be absolutely delighted."

"Yes, thank you," they said.

Going across the terrace, following Sister Carlotta, Miss Jordan said: "There are graves. Look—under the apple trees," and the triumph, killed by a new burst of laughter from Sister Courbet, slipped finally away.

At the gates, Father Simpson was saying to Crane: "You will be in Bombay tomorrow."

"Ought to be," Crane said. "You never can tell." He was going to Bombay to find Maxted and bring him back to Julie. "Any luck and I should be back by Saturday."

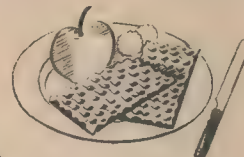
"Sister Courbet and Nurse McAlister

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are coming to say goodbye," the priest said.

Sister Courbet was very shy; she smiled quietly, and simply said: "Goodbye," and after shaking hands with Crane, rather formally, in German fashion, she walked away.

McAlister stood alone, looking past him.

"All well?" he said.

"All well," she said. "She's having a sleep now."

"She does nothing else but sleep," Crane said. "I came in to say goodbye and she was asleep. Look after her."

"We shall be here," she said. She smiled flatly, straight past him, down the hill.

WITH cherubic, bruised face upraised, Father Simpson breathed with gasps of pleasure at snow-touched air and sun. Far beyond the river and the ricefields all the mountains seemed to be uplifted. The priest half shut his eyes in a curious attitude of joyous exultant prayer and Crane, feeling the wonder of a moment that could not be expressed otherwise than in the sort of foolery that had kept himself, the colonel and Father Simpson from going insane about the graves under the apple trees, said: "Is it in order to kiss Nurse McAlister goodbye, Father?"

"Perfectly—"

"Oh! No," she said. "No."

"I have no authority to forbid it," the priest said.

"Please," she said. "Not here."

"That makes it worse—Father



Simpson will grant a special dispensation—"

"Oh! No," she said. "No. I told you—I asked you—"

While her mouth was still open he bent down and kissed her with a sort of affectionate jocularity, lightly, on the lips. He did not close his eyes. It was simply an act, briefly sustained, half-serious and tender.

He felt her shoulders quiver as he held them for a moment longer. He did not sustain the kiss, and it seemed from the vibration of her arms and the tautness of her mouth, as if she did not want it sustained.

"Goodbye," he said.

"Goodbye."

"Thank you for everything," he

said. "And that goes for you, too, Father. For everything. For the hospitality."

"It was nothing," the priest said. McAlister did not speak. "Perhaps hospitality is hardly the correct word—"

"For the etiquette, then."

"For the etiquette—for the hospitality—for the love—whatever you like to call it." The priest smiled, gently, ironically, but in some way beatified, the bruised globe of his face smoothed.

"The exercise has done us all a power of good," Crane said. He knew that the priest was thinking of the colonel, that his joy was touched by a bleaker glint of pain. "Goodbye,"

he said again. He turned to McAlister; she was looking past him.

"Goodbye," she said. "We shall see you soon." She spoke impersonally, not simply for herself but as if for everyone. "We shall think of you."

When, some moments later, the priest and Crane walked down the hill, she still stood motionless, watching them.

"She has become very calm," the priest said. "She used to be terribly tempestuous."

"Yes."

"Perhaps I should not have said that." A little of his hesitation, his lack of faith in himself, clouded his face momentarily. But he seemed to ride over it, serenely, striding forward with undiminished happiness and calm. "None of us is quite the same," he said.

He turned, now some distance down the hill, and waved his hand to McAlister, laughing. Crane turned and waved his hand and laughed, too.

For the last time she waved her own in reply. Beyond her all the mountains, just as the priest had seen them, clear and uplifted, glowed with such brilliance of morning light that far off, pure blue and crisp above the snow, the sky seemed to quiver. The spur of rock that had so often troubled Father Anstey hung in brown suspense above the river, and across the ricefields all the leaves had fallen from the planes. THE END

"The Scarlet Sword," by H. E. Bates, will be published in book form by Michael Joseph on October 30, price 10s. 6d.

MAN IN THEIR LIFE

Continued from page 11

man. You couldn't get away from them. He smiled down from the bathroom wall, and if you opened a cupboard door, there he was stuck up over the shelves.

She started talking about him at supper. It was a wonderful meal. She said with a sigh: "One spends all day cooking a meal that is eaten in five minutes. What do we do it for?" Then her eyes brightened as I asked for a second helping.

But her husband—he was the big thing in her life, the only thing. She talked about him till midnight. She seemed pleased to have the chance. When she got married, she told me, she dropped all her friends, because he was all she wanted.

It seemed that four years before—she knew the exact day and hour—a young man had arrived from Johannesburg one evening asking for a bed. She was not keen on lodging men, because she was a widow, living alone, and you know how people talk, but she liked the look of him, and a week later they were married.

For eleven months they lived together in perfect happiness, and then he vanished. He simply walked out, and she hadn't seen him since. He wrote for a year, saying apologetically he had a wanderlust and couldn't help it. Then he stopped writing, but sent money every month and even Christmas cards. The cards were on the mantelpiece.

"I must say he is very good to me," she said tearfully. "I don't need money either. My first husband left me enough. I don't spend it. I am saving it till he comes back." She was quite sure he would come back. She would wait for him for ever, if need be. There would never be another like him. After him no woman who knew anything about life

could bear to look at another man.

He had his faults, of course. He was restless and moody, but he loved her honestly, she knew that, and underneath he was a family man. What he needed was children. She should have had a child. (Here she began to cry.) That would have held him. She didn't blame him for getting restless. A little place like this was all wrong for him, because he was no ordinary man, and so handsome, too, and when he came back she would make it all up to him.

And so on, till the cocks began to crow, and I was yawning till my face ached. But listening to her troubles was what I really had to pay for her hospitality. In the morning she took my money grudgingly, as if I were insulting our relationship by offering it at all, and said I should drop in again some time, exactly as if I had come in accidentally off the street to ask the way and stayed for a cup of tea and a nice chat.

Before I left I took a good look at those photographs. He was ordinary enough. Quite good-looking, with a crest of fair hair over a low forehead, a blunt, honest nose, rather vague, smiling eyes and an obstinate mouth.

Well, he must have hidden assets, I thought, and left, and forgot all about the good lady and her errant husband, and went on rapidly driving up the middle of Africa, which is a process very like walking along a straggling street, looked at from one point of view.

IT was the next evening, in the mountainous part of Southern Rhodesia, when at sundown I drove into a small village full of dust and droves of cattle and people standing about in groups in their best clothes. Of course, the hotel was full. The proprietor said there was a

woman down at the other end of the village who took in guests at times like these, if one got on the right side of her. I thought nothing of it. It was the time of year for agricultural shows and in every village there is someone or other who takes in paying guests.

But when I saw the house I thought for a moment I must have driven back on my tracks and had absentmindedly entered the same village, or that time had turned back twenty-four hours, or, more conventionally, that I was dreaming. There was the small, creeper-burdened house, the trellised veranda and the overshadowing tree. The woman who came to the door was plump, aproned, but this time fair-haired. Behind her, through the doorway, I could see on a table the picture of the same good-looking young man, and there on the floor was playing a small child. There could be no doubt whose child it was.

I felt lightheaded and a little panicky, the way one does coming suddenly out of a daydream to find oneself accosted by a stranger asking one the precise way to a place the other side of town, with the names of the streets and the distances.

It was worse when I mentioned the name of the place I had come from, and she said wistfully: "You don't say! I remember my hubby came from there the first time I saw him."

I walked into that house as if I were reading a book I had read a long time ago and half-remembered. I knew the ending, but not what happened before.

She told me about him till the small hours of the morning, in that same impatient, yearning, tearful tone of voice that I had been listening to all the previous evening. As I sat there, I had the ridiculous feeling that in hearing her out so

sympathetically I was being disloyal to the other deserted wife who had been so kind to me.

Three years ago he had walked, or rather, driven into her life on a sultry evening at the time of the annual agricultural show, and they were married a few days later. He liked her cooking and she reminded him of his mother. He liked women in their thirties, she said with a self-conscious giggle. They were very happy for nearly two years. And then, one day, he disappeared. He had written for a while, and now he sent her money for the child regularly once a month. Here she burst into tears. "It is terrible to be responsible for a fatherless child," she exclaimed. "Poor little thing, with no one to look after it."

I said the child seemed fine to me. And so it did. She was a wonderful mother, and being fatherless weighed lightly on it.

Of course, she said, he was always a man who knew the right thing to do. It wasn't necessary really for him to send money for the child, because she had her own money. . . .

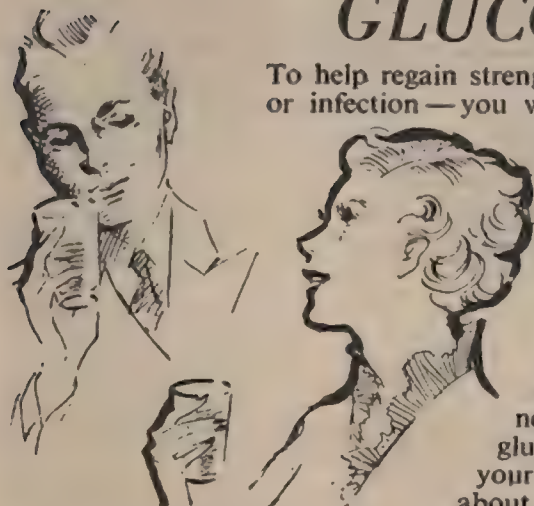
BUT why go on? It was like listening to the other woman talking. She would wait for him till he came back, which he would, because he loved her truly, and there would never be any other men for her, though of course he had his faults. He drank too much, but after all, men couldn't help being men and if sometimes he went into a daydream for a week at a stretch and didn't hear what you said, which was enough to drive any woman crazy, well, in marriage it was a question of live and let live.

So it was, I said, and went to bed under such a large tinted picture of the staring young man that it made me uncomfortable, like someone watching me sleep.

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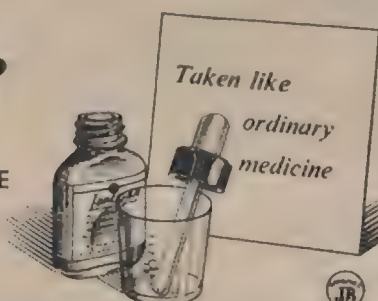
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a place to stop, I was superstitiously expecting to drive into the cloud of reddish dust, to find the small house and yet another deserted but faithful woman. There seemed no reason why this shouldn't go on all the way to Nairobi.

It was not till two days later, up near the Zambesi escarpment, that I came to a village that was full of cars because there was to be a dance that evening.

The hotel was full. I was expecting that now. The woman whose house I was directed to was plump, red-haired and voluble.

She said she loved putting people up for the night, though there was no need for her to do it, since while her husband might have his faults (she said this with an astonishing viciousness) he made good money. She was careful to tell me this. She said that before she was married she earned her living by letting rooms to passing travellers. One met so many interesting people that way. In fact, that was how she'd met her husband.

We talked about this husband while we waited for supper. We had to wait some time. "He does this every night," she complained. "Every night of my life. One would have thought it wasn't much to ask, to come in for meals at the right time, instead of letting everything spoil, but once he gets down to the bar with the men there is no getting him out again."

I listened with interest, because this wasn't the note of devotion I had expected. On the contrary. Either he had deteriorated as a husband, or his virtues improved with distance.

The red-haired lady, whom I forgot to mention was pregnant, sighed deeply and often and said that when one was single one wanted to get married, and when one was married one wanted to be single, but what got her was that she had been married before and should have known better. It served her right. Not that this husband wasn't an infinite improvement on the last, though, she said.

I waited curiously for that door to open, which it did very late, getting on for ten o'clock. It was him all right. . . .

He was less good-looking than his photographs, but that was only because he was in overalls that were stiff and heavy with grease, and there was a smudge of oil on his cheek. She scolded him for being so late, but he seemed hardly to notice her. It was not that he was rude; he was gently indifferent. He nodded at me as if complete strangers at his table were neither here nor there, not even a matter for comment, and proceeded to eat.

"Don't try to domesticate me," he said, when his wife protested at his not washing. And at the end of the meal, when she said bitterly that there was no point in spending one's whole life slaving and cooking for a man who didn't even notice what he ate, he said that in that case why did she bother, because it was all the same to him.

When the meal was over he rose and, smiling slightly, went out.

That left me alone with her again. She settled down for a good gossip. Every night, she said, he went walking. He was just one of those people that couldn't keep still. He worked from sun-up to sunset, and then walked ten miles at night before he could sleep. It was not as though he hadn't enough to occupy him during the day. He was running a garage. He was a first-rate mechanic,

she had to say that for him. He had been here less than a year, and already the other garage was closing down, because he had taken all the custom of the place. Well, it was something at any rate not to have to worry about money.

I reflected that he would need to earn well, with three families to support, and more expense coming, and listened patiently to all her complaints, hoping for something to explain why the other two women waited for his return with such wistful devotion, and why she would, too, as soon as he had left her, which of course he was bound to do.

They had been married for less than a year, had got married after knowing each other three days. He had fallen for her at once—he had the sense to know a good thing when he saw it, she said grimly. He liked women who knew something about life, too. Naturally, he would, being what he was—it would save him trouble.

"I suppose he has his points," she said at last. "For one thing, he was really pleased about the child coming, though you'd never suspect it from the way he went on. He seemed to forget all about it for weeks at a time. But it will settle him down to have a child to be responsible for. That's what men like him need."

But why she should have all this trouble she couldn't understand, because, of course, no man understood what women suffered and it was a man's world. Here, she wept with much enjoyment; and after I had said all the right things, she made me some tea and handed me the cup as if all her devotion went with it because of my appreciation of her.

TOWARDS midnight he came back with a star-dazed look, bringing in a cold draught of fresh-smelling night air with him. He was quite unconscious that he was expected to play a part in her little drama. Her look of patient reproach simply faded off her face; and she said sharply: "So you have decided to come back at last?"

"There were a whole lot of eland down by the river," he answered. "I saw them plain. The moon is strong enough to read by."

Then he put off the cares of the day, and slipped an arm round her waist and smiled down at her amiably. The wanderer had returned home.

"I suppose you will never be anything different," she said in a grumbling but mollified voice.

Next morning I was up early, before the sun grew hot. I went to the garage for petrol. He was already there, in his filthy blue overalls, leaning moodily against the pump with an oil-gun in his hands, the wind ruffling his plume of fair hair.

"Where are you off to now?" he asked enviously.

"Nairobi," I said, and watched his face to see the look of restlessness come on it.

"Kenya," he said, "Kenya. That is a country I have never seen. I've been most places in Africa. I've been over most of the world, for that matter. You know, I once had the idea of going up Africa from Cape-town to Cairo, as they say. I got as far as here, walking some of the way, and getting lifts when I was tired of that. And that is as far as I am likely to get now."

No, it isn't, I thought, as I headed north, and looked back to see him staring after me as long as I was in sight; oh, no, it isn't. THE END



"Had a rather trying day. I got fired"

THE DARK NIGHT

Continued from page 15

by generations of sheep, cut off the corner. It was towards that groove the old man walked with Gallimore.

The track dipped to the stream. Half way down the slope, a great gritstone boulder rose from the heather. Centuries of wind and rain had scooped out the sand and peat on the lower side. Youle knew that dangerous cleft to his sorrow. More than one of his sheep had been hauled out of it with a broken neck. He moved towards it without hesitation.

He came to the cleft, eased the burden of Gallimore over his left shoulder. He slid it forward, heard it roll over the loose stones, heard the crunch of bone meeting rock. He had a barely controllable impulse to pick up the smaller boulders all round him and hurl them into that narrow place, hiding what was there. But dead men do not fill in their own graves.

He went back to the road. He could see, obliquely, the light in Gallimore's house. Never hurrying, but covering the ground with a speed surprising in a man so old and heavy, he came to Grindle Bridge. Far below, swirling over rocks and scouring out abysmal pools, the waters of Blackwinter plunged towards the valley. He took the lump of blood-stained crystal from his pocket and let it fall. . . . There was no audible splash. But whatever happened to Gallimore, that would never be found. Deep among rocks or water, it was there for ever.

Constable Bradley walked up from Blackwinter village next morning and found Youle in the cowhouse.

"Walter," he said, "Gallimore's missing. Bracegirdle's up from Holt-rigg. He's brought Sergeant Strake and a couple of men, but they ain't a deal o' good. All right for point-duty but that's about all. We want to beat the moors. I've got hold of Windle and Carling. How are you fixed? What about lending a hand?"

Youle grounded his muck-fork. Beyond the constable he could see Harry fixing the harrow on to the tractor. Suppose he didn't go with Bradley? He would be wondering all day. If he was on the spot. . . . Yes, he'd better be on the spot.

He stumped out of the cowhouse with Bradley.

"What are you doing today?" he shouted across the yard to Harry.

"Working up Stonefallow."

Youle nodded. "I'll see you when I come back. Bradley wants a hand up on the tops."

He trudged with Bradley through

the village, up the long road towards Morden House. Near Grindle Bridge they met two constables from Holt-rigg and Sergeant Strake. They were standing under the lee of the wall with Carling and Windle, two farmers who knew Blackwinter almost as well as Youle himself.

The sergeant fumbled with a large-scale map. "Bowes and Roberts," he said to the two policemen, "you'll look after the stretch down to the Holtrigg road. Mr. Carling and Mr. Windle, take the north side as far as the beck. Morning, Mr. Youle. You and Bradley take the low side, between here and the house."

He handed a whistle to Carling. "If anybody strikes oil, give a toot to the others. All right?"

Youle set off with Bradley, relieved that he had been posted to this section. Given his own choice, he might have picked the stretch where Gallimore's body lay. Now, it was out of his hands.

ALL through the bitter afternoon they searched. Twenty feet apart, back and forth over Blackwinter Hill from Grindle Back to the ridge, they beat the moor inch by inch. Occasionally they saw the others, a mile or more away. He wondered if the two policemen had passed the crevice under the rocks without finding what it concealed. If they had, if Gallimore was never found. . . .

Youle crouched against the ground, fumbling through all his pockets. Matches, the plug of tobacco wrapped in oiled skin, but no pipe. Must have left it at home. He grumbled softly to himself. He was cold and hungry.

And then came the sharp blast of the whistle. Again and again and again.

"That's Bowes and Roberts," shouted Bradley.

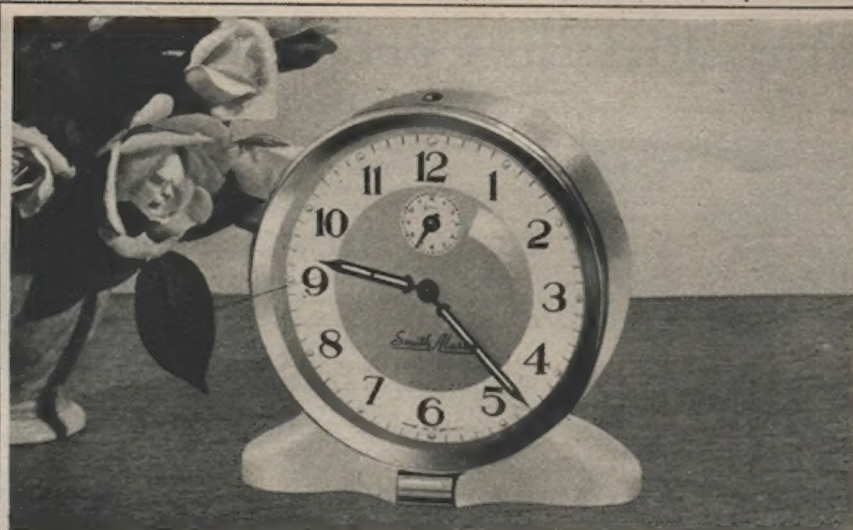
They hurried towards the two policemen. They could see Bracegirdle and Sergeant Strake heading in the same direction. Bowes and Roberts were standing beside what was left of Gallimore.

"Down the nick," Bowes said, cheerfully. "Wedged tight. Took some pulling out, I can tell you."

Bracegirdle and the sergeant now joined the group. Bracegirdle was a tall man, built sparely of well-seasoned leather and piano-wire, dark of hair and blue of chin, with a black lozenge of moustache on his upper lip. He dropped on one knee beside Gallimore, peering speculatively at the injured head.

"Well, well!" he said thoughtfully. He drew the sergeant aside and held a murmured conversation. When it was over, he left the sergeant scratching his head and came towards Youle, Windle and Carling.

"Much obliged to you fellows," he said, civilly. "I'm afraid there's no way of rewarding you officially, but you've earned our best thanks. A bit of local knowledge goes a long way on a job like this." He stared down at the body as though he had a grudge against it. "No reason why you shouldn't know the facts. May be as well, then you'll be able to scotch any rumours that get about. Last night, one of our fellows found a dying man on the road three miles this side Holtrigg. Not a local—Londoner by the way he talked. Probably the fellow who raided your chicken-run, Windle. He'd come over the moor. Must have passed close by here. Seems to have been climbing on the road by the Baldon rocks when he took a header and broke most of his



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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated Nov. 4, and in JOHN BULL, dated Nov. 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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- When organized thefts on an extensive scale are reported, it gratifies the police when they catch
- Some debaters are inclined to sacrifice truth for
- Likely to be found in wood, if anywhere
- Shoppers are attracted to such things as are this on the market
- May be due to difficulties of a financial character
- It takes a practised speaker to exploit one to good effect
- Many a one is easily ruffled by hands

Down Clues

- Calves have sometimes to be
- Even good one is likely to fall off in time
- It's likely to be a long hunt for one in the Frozen North
- Being cramped for space may sometimes be explained by small these
- Many a man who's devoted to sport is rather awkward and embarrassed when he
- It's silly for people to be too high
- A person might well expect one on his birthday
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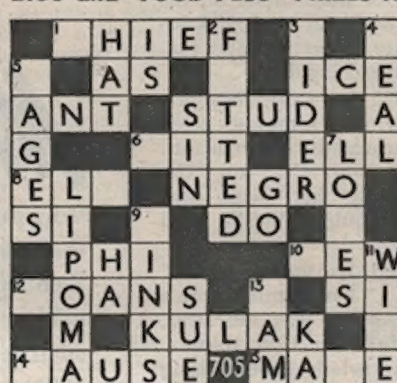
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bones. And when they got him to hospital they found his pockets stuffed full of notes and a nice packet of jewellery. . . . When he realized his number was up, he talked. He'd broken into Gallimore's place, made him open the safe, then crowned him with the handiest weapon. Left him dead on the carpet, so he says. Well, that's our problem. If he left Gallimore's body in the house, how did it get here?"

He looked intently at the three men. Youle took the cake of tobacco from his pocket, remembered about his pipe, and put it back again. It was Sergeant Strake who said with conviction: "Dead men don't walk. So Gallimore couldn't have been dead when the fellow left. Gallimore followed him. He wanted the money and the jewellery back and he was going to get it. That's how I see it, sir."

Bracegirdle frowned dubiously. "That's how I see it," the sergeant said again with relish.

Bracegirdle said: "I don't think that'll wash. Gallimore had the telephone laid on. Why didn't he call the police instead of following the man himself?"

IN the pause, Youle said slowly: "Gallimore wasn't a native of these parts, but he'd lived up here a long time. And living up here, you get like that. You see a thing needs doing, and you do it."

Bracegirdle was looking at him, listening respectfully. The Youles were known far and wide in the Blackwinter country.

"In the town, a man goes for the police or shouts for the neighbours. But not in places like Blackwinter. A man rights his own wrongs. He looks after his own."

In the silence that followed, he wondered what he had just said. For fifty years he had acted that way, but never till now had he formulated a philosophy to account for it. Already, he felt half-ashamed of himself.

"Well," he said, "I've work to do. My boy will be wondering what's happened. Good day, gentlemen."

He walked up the path. Bracegirdle, a moment later, followed him. "Youle!" he said.

They were out of earshot. The old man turned round.

"Youle, it's sometimes dangerous to right your own wrongs. To look after your own." He looked at him quizzically. "I shouldn't be doing this," Bracegirdle said, "but you've told me all I want to know. And I've lived up here a long time, too. I might have done the same if I'd had a lad the age of yours."

Youle looked past him, towards Morden House. "How did you know?" he asked thickly.

"That Harry was seeing Gallimore last night? Lucy told me. That you'd been there. . . .?"

Bracegirdle took his right hand out of his pocket. "You'd better take your pipe, Youle."

THE END

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

GODMOTHER TO A CITY

Continued from page 8

few weeks ago saying that she had left her husband," recounts Mary Stuart. "She wanted me to put her baby in one of our nurseries. The telephone rang while I was talking to her. One of my staff told me that the woman's husband was hanging about at the bottom of the stairs. It was obvious they were waiting to see what my answer would be before they separated. I told the woman that I couldn't help just then. I should have to make further inquiries.

"At the end of the week I asked one of my staff to call. She found that the couple had made up their differences. They sent word to me how indignant they were that the children's officer was trying to take away their baby!"

Often the C.O.'s department prevents parents from separating and when necessary asks the help of other social agencies, such as the Marriage Guidance Bureau and the Probation Department.

Mother Failed To Return

A sallow-faced six-year-old boy in the reception hostel had become strangely passive two days after his admission. His parents had recently separated, the mother obtaining a court order against her husband. Owing to a misunderstanding the wife was unable to take the lad and his two-year-old sister into the lodgings she had found. Father, at work all day, could not have them. So, until the mother could find fresh accommodation, Mary Stuart temporarily took over the care of the two children. The little girl went into the Westcotes Drive nursery.

Noting the lad's change of manner from contentment to misery, the superintendent sent for the mother. "Then I learnt the reason for the lad's behaviour," he says, "for the mother, fearing a scene, had told the lad she was going shopping and was only leaving him in the hostel for a short while. When she failed to return he became miserable. I urged her to tell him the truth. Deception, even with the best of intentions, never makes for happiness."

Mary Stuart spoke to the boy afterwards. He was playing happily with the other kiddies. "You look as though you're enjoying yourself," she said. "My mother loves me after all," was his reply.

Sympathy's Not Enough

A children's officer has to be an expert in many branches of child care. Sympathy is not enough. Mary Stuart, and others doing the same work up and down the country, must have a knowledge of the psychological causes of anxiety which are in evidence with children lacking the stability of a normal home life.

An honours graduate of Manchester University, Mary Stuart first began to teach backward children in the Black Country, and later became an organizer in mental welfare. In her spare time she studied for another degree with psychology honours and the Master of Education qualification. Before coming to Leicester she was educational psychologist to the Oxfordshire Education Committee.

In all her work she has one guiding principle which is shared by her staff and the Children's Committee. As Councillor Henig, the Committee's chairman, puts it: "Whenever I am asked to decide what is best for any child I apply a simple test: What would I do if this boy or girl was my own child?"

THE END

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